

F I N I S.

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THE FOURTH BOOK.



LONDON,

Printed by *A. Godbid* and *J. Playford Junior*, and are Sold by *John Playford*, at his Shop near the *Temple Church*; and *John Carr*, at his Shop at the *Middle Temple Gate*, 1683.

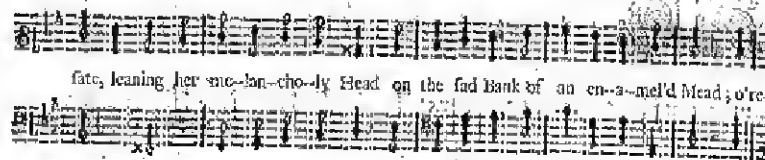
	A	Folio	Oh! do not wrong that Face	Folio 22
A	H what means that eager Joy	25	Oh Love! how just	7
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All other Blessings are but Toys.	Mr. Turner.	35	Philida whilst our tender Age	9
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Cease fruitless hopes	34	She loves, and she confesse	42	
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Go Phillis, go, be pious still	6	Tell my Thirlis, tell your Augusty	37	
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Good, true Heart, pursue the prize	13	Then we'll join hand in hand	39	
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High State and Honour to others impart	21	Whilst Lin in Shades was unpass.	Mr. Snow.	12
Happy is the Country life	36	What Woman was ever.	Mr. Hunt.	10
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In state and Gold of Love.	Dr. Blow.	When Damon saw fair Sylvia's Face	66	
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L		You I love by all that's true.	53	
Lovers Soling iniquity and free	28	M		
Lullaby by a sweet Air	41	These small BREATH I desire those who buy	22	
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Let Envyage and Despair despair	72	N		
M		No more on my knees to a Beauty		
Must poor Lovers still be moaning	33	New every place fresh pleasures		
N		O		
No more on my knees to a Beauty		On the Back of a Black Horse	17	
New every place fresh pleasures	36			

Lend Sa-tyrs and Fawns soft pi-ety do
Shades mourn the frowns of your Eyes; lewd Sa-tyrs and Fawns soft pi-ety do
flow, and Wolves howl in Confort to the noise of my Woes: Even Mountains and Groves are
kin-der than she; Groans re-bow'd from each Rock, Tears drop from each Tree: And
all things but Ce-les-ti-als, shew pi-ety, shew pi-ety on me.

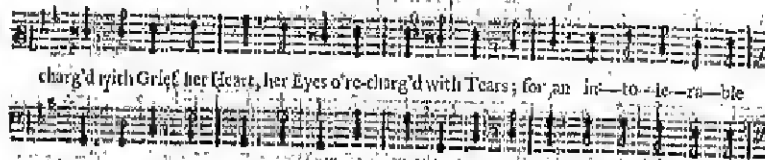
It,
Come, Cel-si-a, come learn of these Shades to be kind,
Learn to yield when I sigh, Trees bend with the Wind,
When drops bitter fall, Rocks, Stones, will relent,
Ahl Isra-el, Jeru-sa-l-m, when I weep, to repent,
Kind Joys does not rise from Embraces remove,
Rivers mix, and that mixture a Marriage may prove,
Avalch of Trees to Embrace, Rivers, cold Rivers, to Love



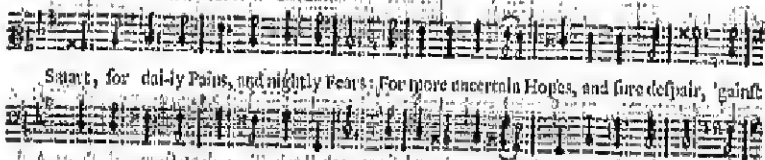
Lose by a Silver Ri-vo-let, deckt with rich Willows, mournful *Daphne*



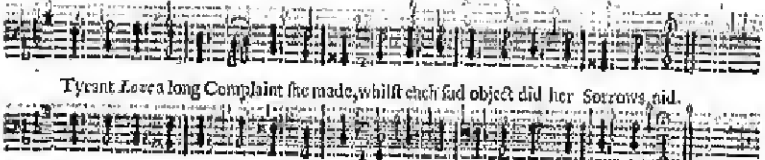
fate, leaning her me-lan-cho-ly Head on the sad Bank of an en-a-mel'd Mead; o're-



charg'd with Grief her Heart, her Eyes o're-charg'd with Tears; for an in-to-le-ra-ble



Suam, for dai-ly Pains, and nightly Fears; For more uncerta'n Ho-pes, and sure de-spair, 'gainst



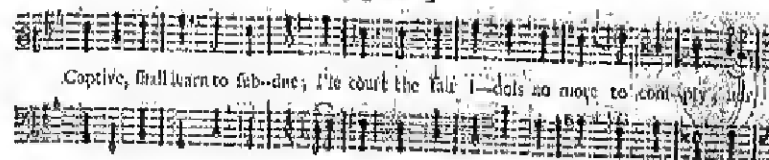
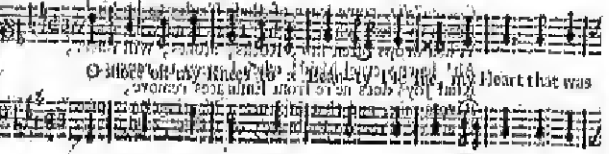
Tyrant Love a long Complaint she made, whilst each sad object did her Sorrows aid.



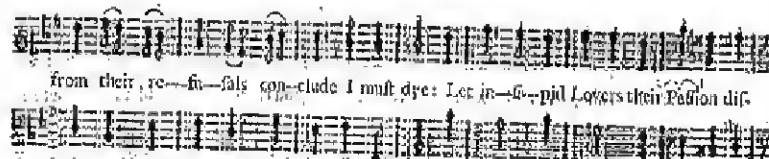
A. 2. 400.



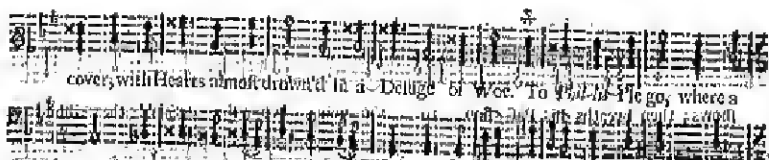
Heart that was



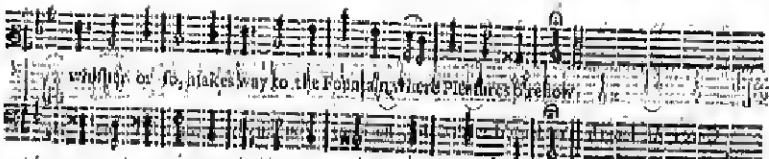
Captive, shall learn to sub-due; I'll court the fair I-dols no more to com-ply, nor



from their re-fi-sals con-clude I must dye: Let in-sen-si-ble Lovers then Pa-sion dis-

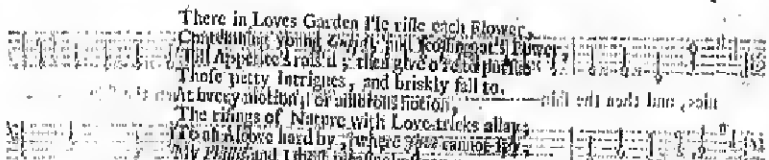


cover, with Hearts almost drown'd in a Deluge of Wee: To what I'll go, where a



whisper or so, shakes way to the Fountain where Pictures be show

II.



There in Loves Garden I'll visit each Flower,

Charming young Zephirus, I'll court his Power,

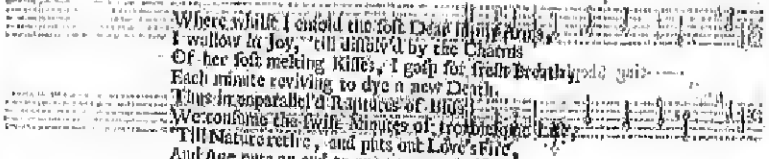
Those pretty Intrigues, and briskly fall to,

The rings of Nature with Love-tricks ally;

To oh! Alas! hard by, where you cannot see,

My Phoebe and I thus pleasantly stray.

III.



Where while I could the soft Dear Image view,

I wallow'd in Joy, till dissolv'd by the Chorus

Of her soft melting Kisses, I gush'd for fresh Breath,

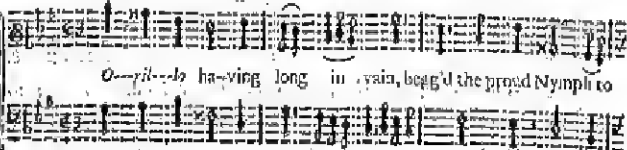
Each minute reviving to dye a new Death.

Thus in compar'd Raptures of Love,

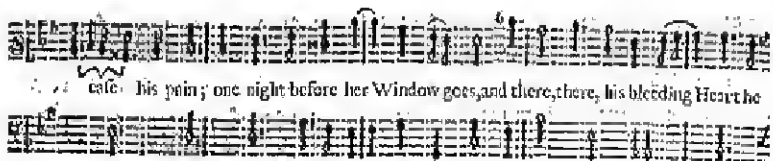
Wet-confus'd the twin Mirrors of Love's Face,

Till Nature retire, and puts out Love's Fire,

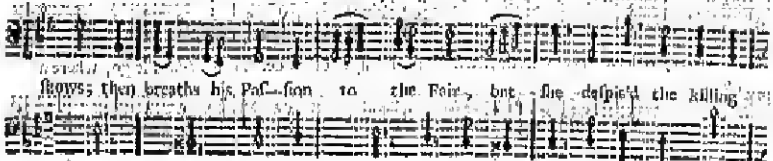
And Age puts an end to our amorous strife.



Could he have long in vain, beg'd the proud Nymph to



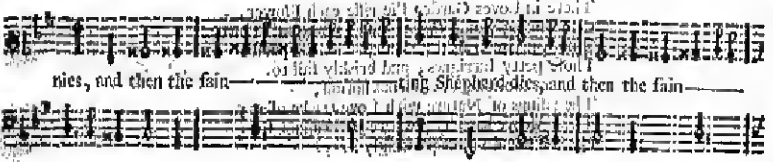
ease his pain; one night before her Window goes, and there, there, his bleeding Heart he



shows; then breaths his Pas-sion to the Fair, but she despis'd the killing



Care: At length pretern'd with Grief, he cries, You kindly give what you

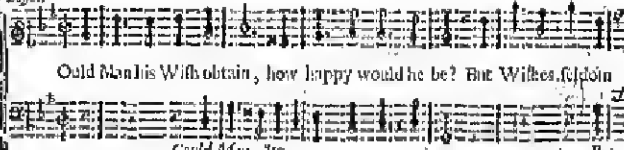


nie, and then the fair—



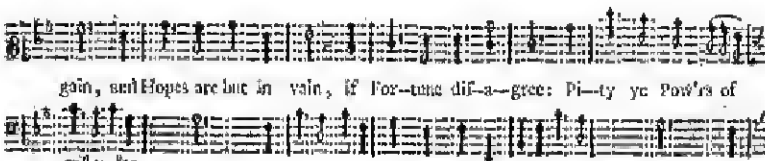
—ting Shepherd does not stay I, which garden did not go

A. 5. Mr. Cowen & Biffin.



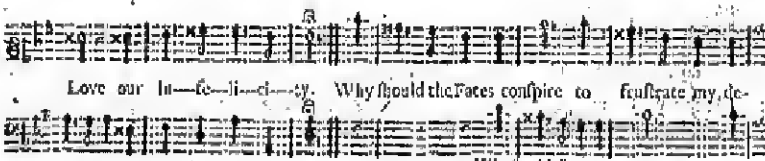
Could Man his Wish obtain, how happy would he be? But Wilkes, seldom

Could Men, &c.



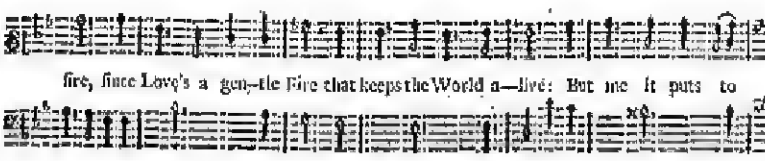
gain, and Hopes are but in vain, if For-tune dis-a-gree: Pi-ty ye Pow'rs of

reign, &c.

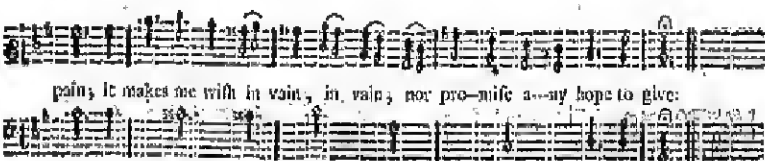


Love our In-fer-nal-ty. Why should the Fates conspire to frustrate my de-

Why should, &c.



fire, since Love's a gen-tle Fire that keeps the World a-liv'd: But me it puts to



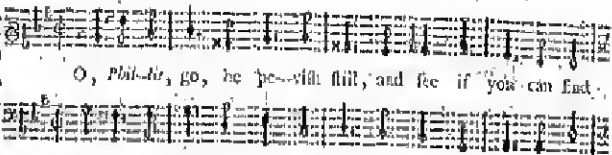
pain, it makes me wish in vain, in vain, nor pro-mise a—my hope to give:

II.

I love, and still I view,
Yet dare not tell my mind;
Should I my Flames purke,
It might that Bliss undo,
Which is for her design'd.
A blessing far above,
More lasting, rich, and kind;

Though hopes successless prove,
My heart shall ne'er remove
From wishing of her Love,
In Fortune's Triumph lead;
And though it banish me,
If she but happy be,
'Twould please my Ghost when I am dead.

A. 2. rec.



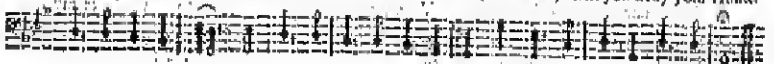
O, Phil-lis, go, be ye with still, and see if you can find



one to be subject to your Will, and to your Lightness blind; Such a kind Fool perhaps may

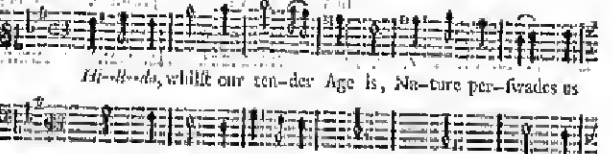


do what ever you command; and humbly kneel to kiss your Shoe, when you deny your Hand.

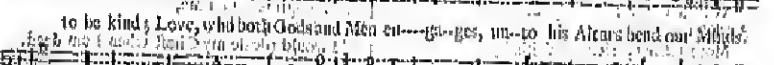


II.

But have a care, for Fools are cross,
And when you light on one;
He joy to see you at a loss,
And not your Fate he can;
Your Pydd he then with Scorn repay,
And laugh to see you grieve;
And counterfeiting Sighs, will say,
Dear Phil-lis, now some comfort give.

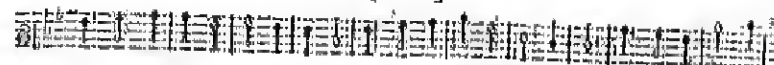


He-he-he, whilst our ten-der Age is, Na-ture per-suades us

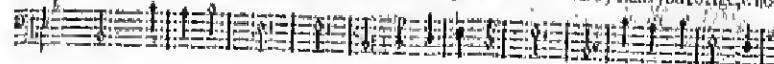


to be kind; Love, who both Gods and Men en-ga-ges, un-to his Altars bend our Minds;

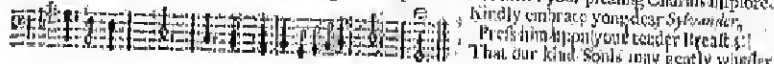
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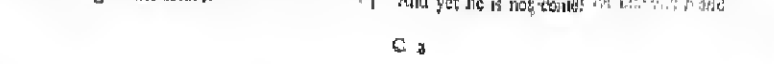
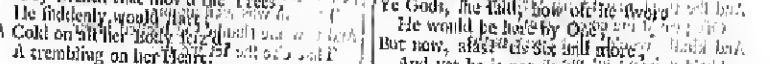
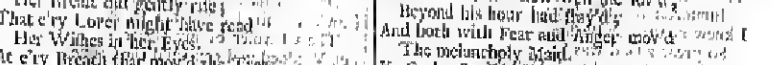
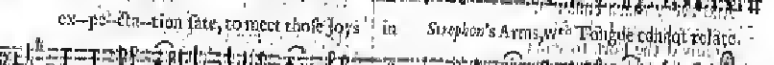
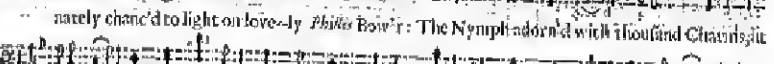
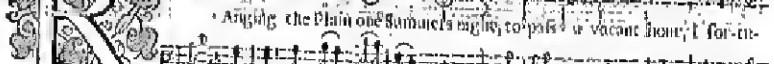
At your re-si-ting, he's offended, and to revenge him time and care; Lads you to Age, who



unbefriended leaves you repenting to despair.

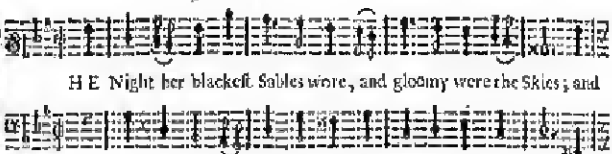


No more in vain they wait your Beauty,
And these sweet Treasures I adore;
To Love and Nature pay your duty,
Whilst I your pleasing Charms explore.
Kindly embrace your dear Sy-lan-der,
Press him to your tender Breast;
That our kind Souls may gently wander
On the bliss banks of Happiness.

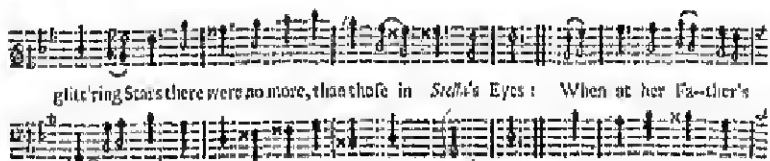


II.
Upon her Hand she leant her Head,
Her Breast did gently rise;
That e'er Lover might have read
Her Wishes in her Eyes.
At e'er Breast that mov'd the Trees
He suddenly would fly;
A Cold on all her Body lay;
A trembling on her Heart.

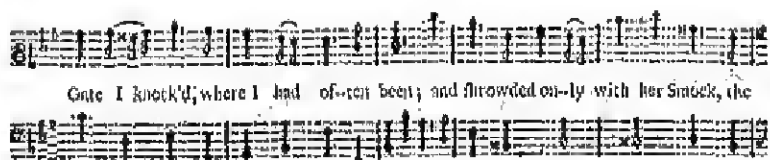
III.
But he that knew how well she lov'd
Beyond his hear had heard;
And both with Fear and Anger mov'd
The melancholy Maid.
Ye Gods, the Fall, how oft he wail'd
He would be lost by Odds;
But now, alas! his love
And yet he is not dead!



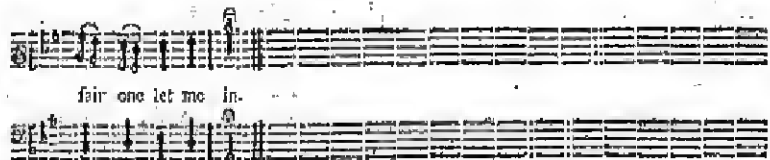
HE Night her blackest Sables wore, and gloomy were the Skies; and



glittering Stars there were no more, than those in Stella's Eyes: When at her Father's



Gate I knock'd, where I had of-ten been; and strow'd on-ly with her Smock, the



fair one let me in.

III.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
She trembling lay agham'd;
Her swelling Breast, and glowing Face,
And every touch enflam'd.
My eager Passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

III.

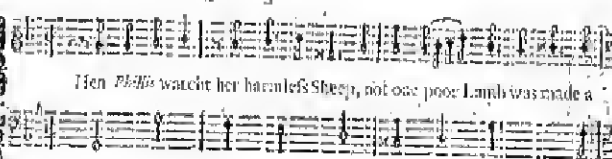
Then! then! beyond expressing,
Immortal was the Joy;
I knew no greater Blessing,
So great a God was I.
And she transported with Delight,
Oft pray'd me come again;
And kindly vow'd, that every Night
She'd rise and let me in.

IV.

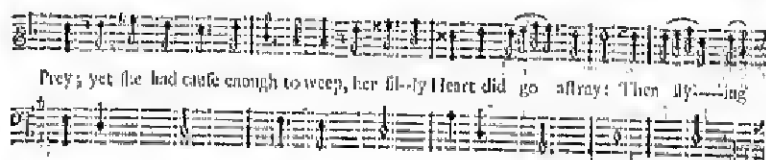
But, oh! at last she prov'd with them,
And sighing fate, and dull;
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd then just like a Fool.
Her lovely Eyes with Tears run o're,
Repenting her rash Sin;
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal Hour
That e're she let me in.

V.

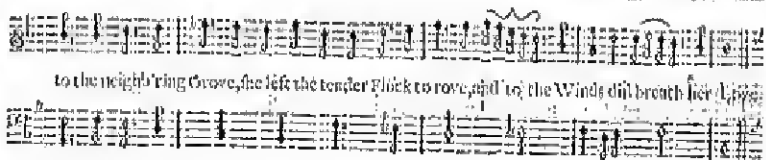
But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from such Beauty part?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart.
But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,
Thus all was well again;
And now she thanks the blessed Hour,
That e're she let me in.



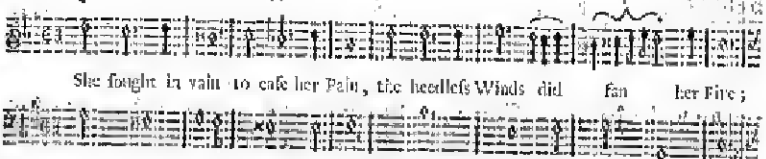
Then Phillis watcht her harmless Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a



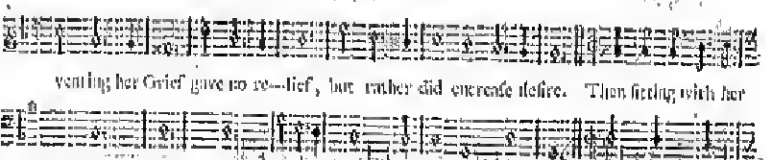
Prey; yet she had cause enough to weep, her fil-ly Heart did go astray: Then fly-ling



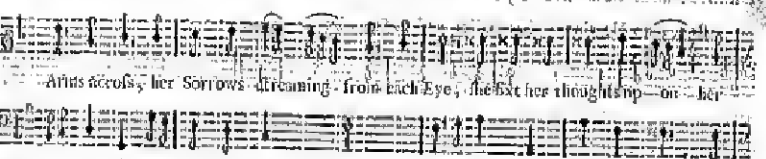
to the neigh'ring Grove, she left the tender Flock to rove, and to the Winds did breath her Love



She fought in vain to ease her Pain, the heedless Winds did fan her Fire;



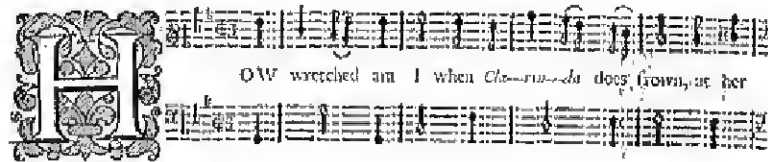
venting her Grief gave no re-lief, but rather did encrease desire. Then sitting with her



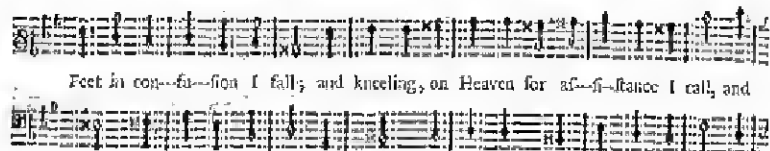
Arms across, her Sorrows -drenching- from each Eye, she sat her thoughts up-on - her



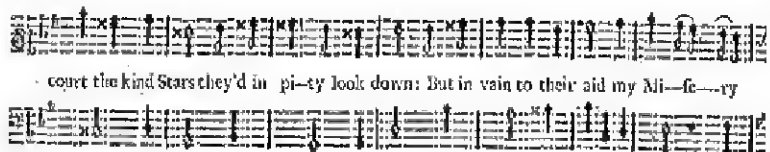
Loss, and in Des-pair, resolv'd to dye.



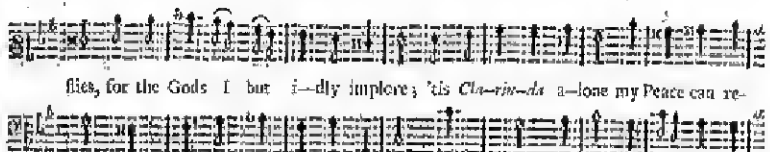
OW wretched am I when *Chlorinda* does frown, at her



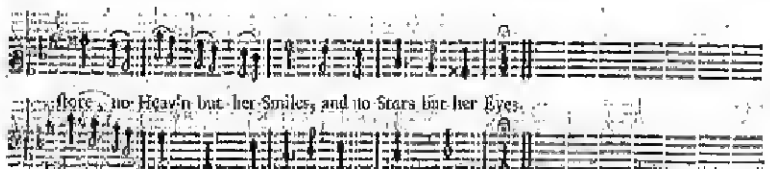
Feet in con-fu-sion I fall; and kneeling, on Heaven for as-sis-tance I call, and



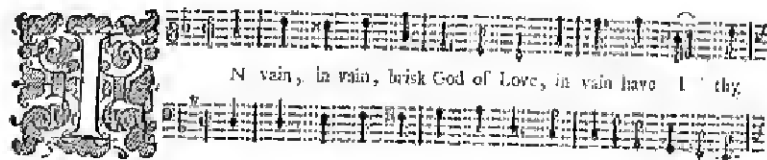
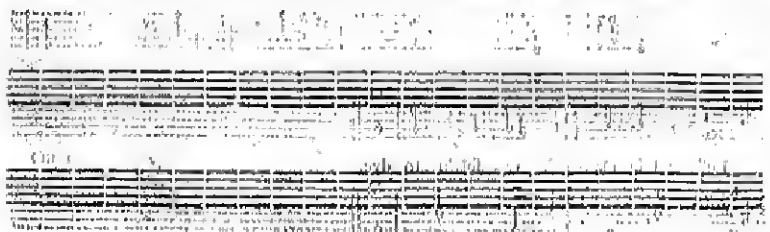
court the kind Stars they'd in pi-ty look down: But in vain to their aid my Mi-se-ry



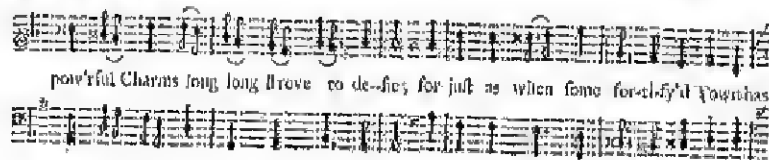
sues, for the Gods I but i-dly implore; 'tis *Chlorinda* a-lone my Peace can re-



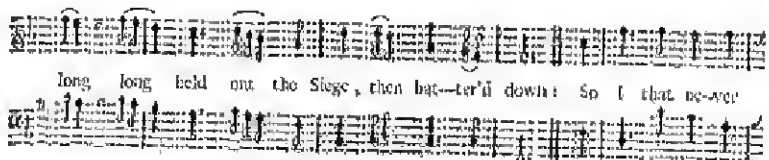
lieve, no Heav'n but her Smiles, and no Stars but her Eyes.



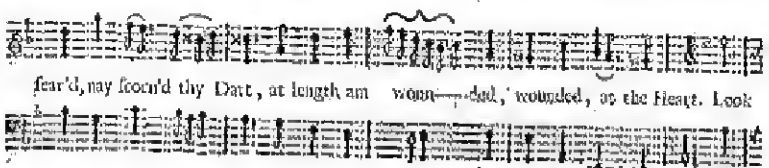
N vain, in vain, brisk God of Love, in vain have I thy



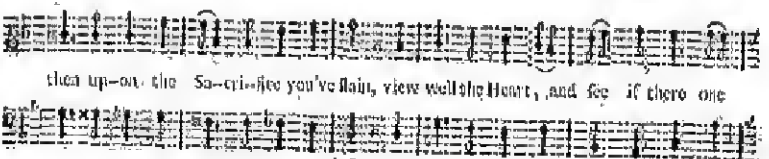
powerful Charms long long Irove to de-sire; for just as when some for-c'dly'd Pow'rhath



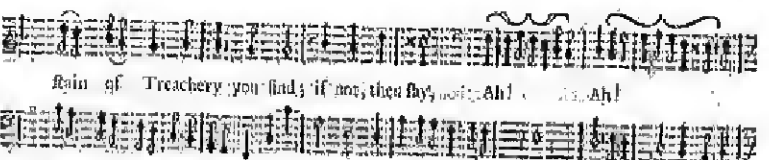
long long held out the Siege, then bat-ter'd down: So I that ne-ver



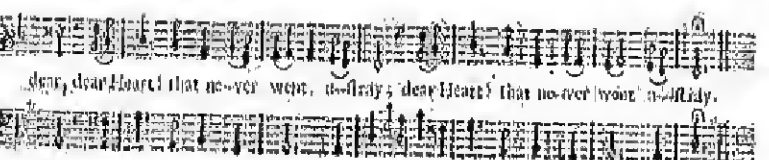
feard, nay soon'd thy Dart, at length am wonn-dal, wounded, at the Heart. Look



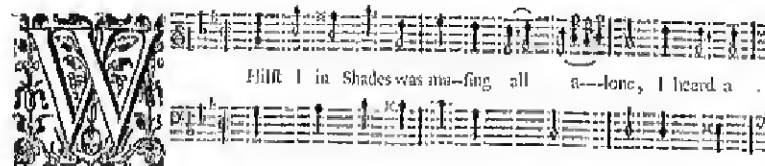
then up-on the Sa-cri-fice you've Rapt, view well the Heart, and see if there one



Rain of Treachery you find; if not, then say, Ah! Ah!



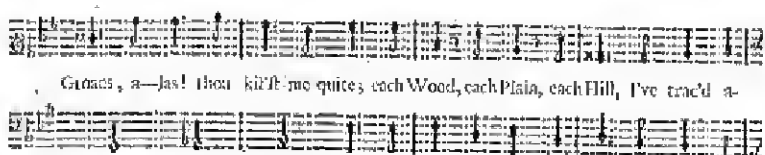
dear, dear Heart! that ne-ver went a-stray; dear Heart! that ne-ver went a-stray.



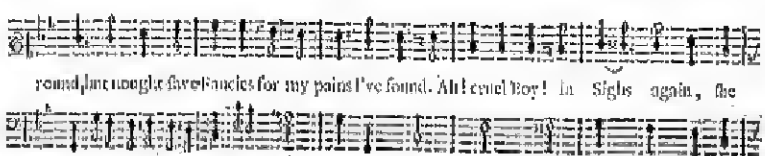
W H R I in Shades was ma-sing all a-lone, I heard a



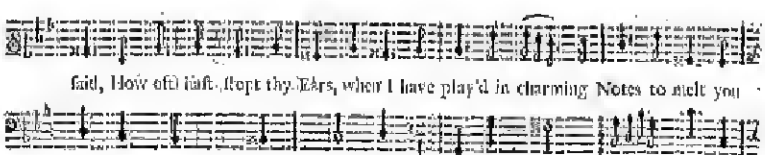
Nymph I th' Wood thus make her moan: Ah cruel Boy! He cry'd, thou wilt dost slight my Sighs, my



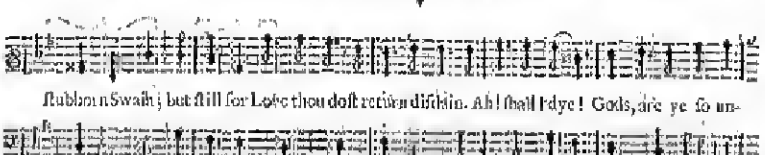
Groans, a-las! thou kist me quite; each Wood, each Plain, each Hill, I've trac'd a-



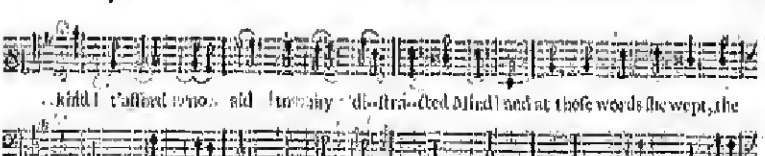
round but sought sweet Fancies for my pains I've found. Ah! cruel Boy! in Sighs again, he



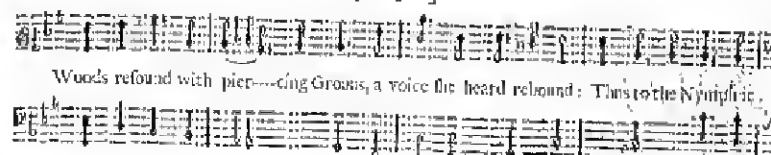
said, How oft hast kept thy Ears, when I have play'd in charming Notes to melt you



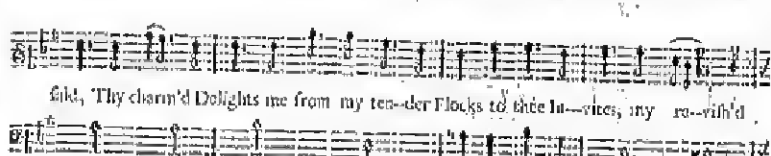
Rubbish Swain; but still for Love thou dost return disdain. Ah! shall I dye! Gods, are ye so un-



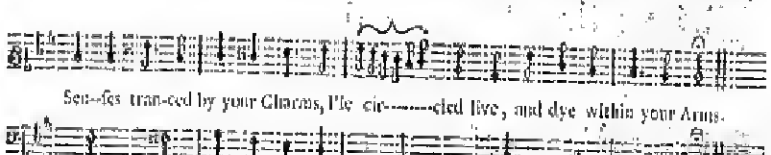
kind! I call'd on you, and turn'd my dis-trac-ted Mind! and at those words she wept, the



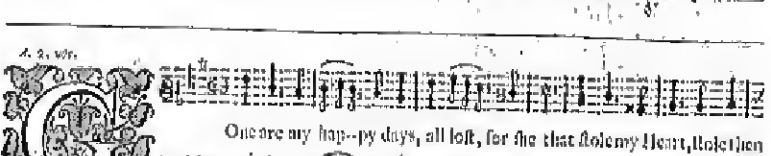
Woods resound with pier-cing Groans, a voice she heard rebound: Thus to the Nymph she



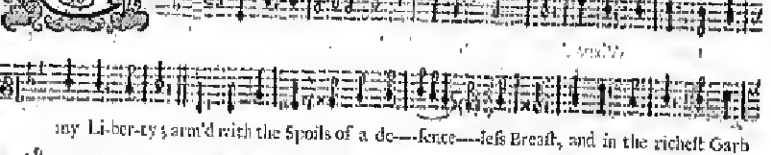
said, Thy charm'd Delights me from my ten-der Flocks to thee la-ries, my re-visit'd



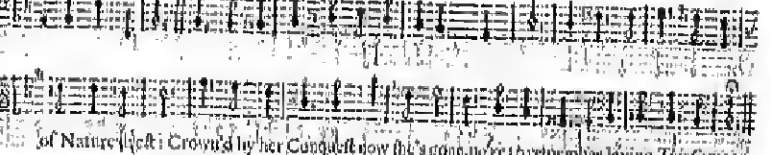
Sen-ses tran-ced by your Charms, I'll cir-cled live, and dye within your Arms.



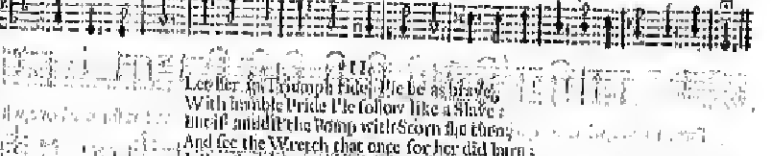
One are my hap-py days, all lost, for she that stole my Heart, stole then



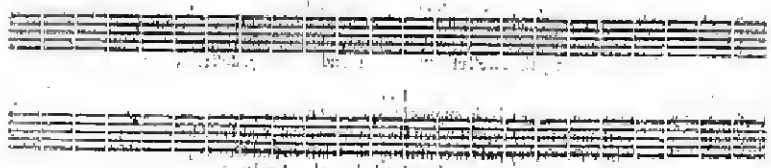
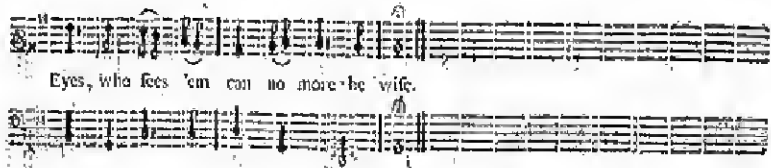
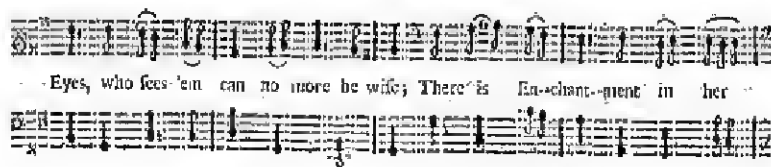
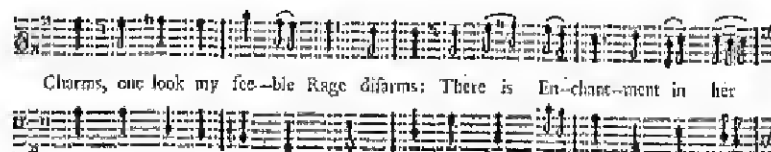
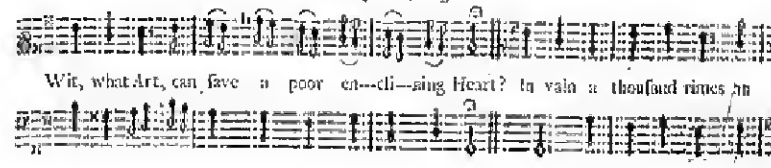
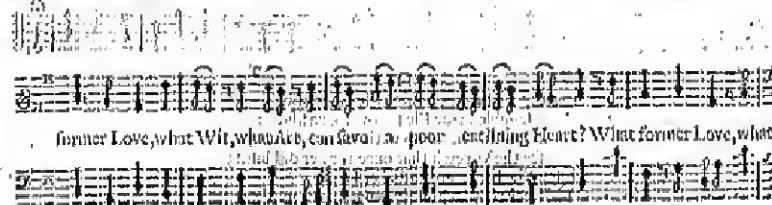
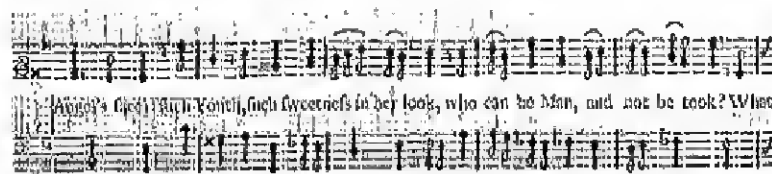
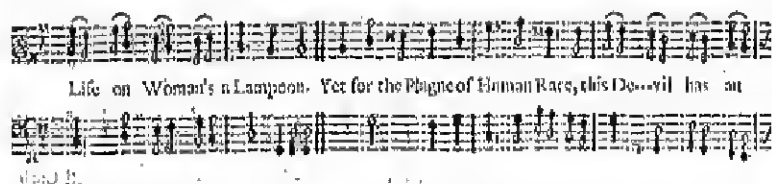
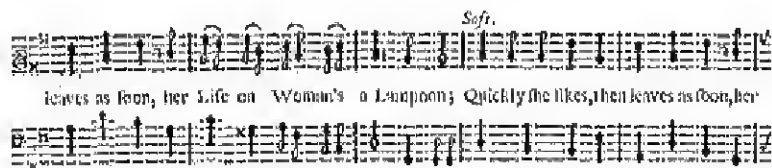
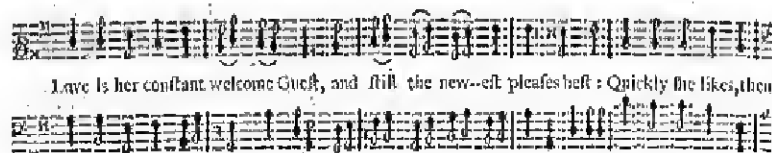
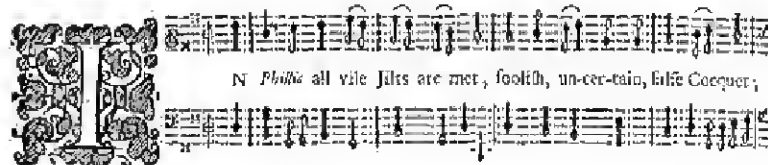
my Li-ber-ty; arm'd with the Spoils of a de-fer-ence-less Breast, and in the richest Garb

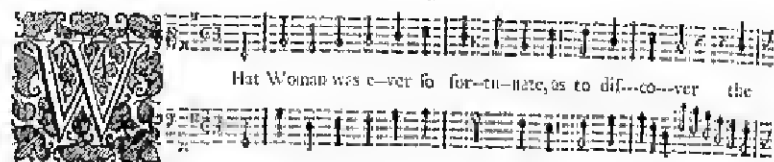


of Nature's best Crown'd by her Conquest now she's gone, no more to remember living Thine own

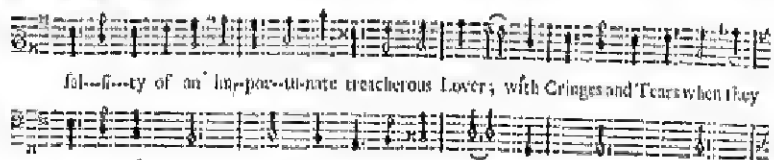


Let her in Triumph ride, she be as brave,
With humble Pride I'll follow like a Slave;
She'll smile at the Pomp with Scorn she throng;
And see the Wretch that once for her did burn;
Just as she backward casts her Head;
Then her reproachful Eyes will fall on me dead.

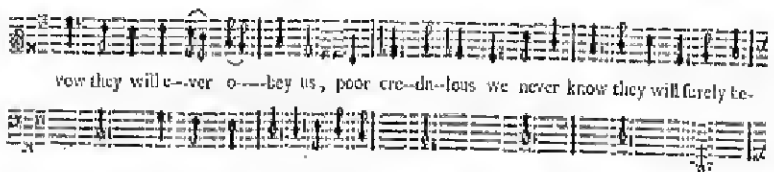




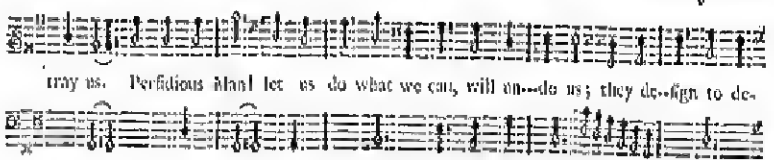
That Woman was e-ver so fur-th-ate, as to dis-co-ver the



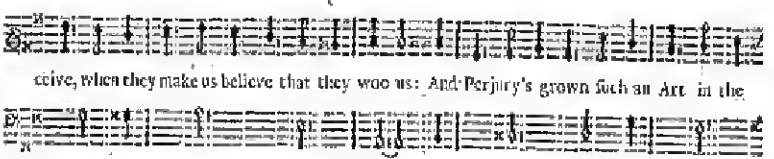
fel-fi-ty of an in-por-tu-nate treacherous Lover; with Cringes and Tears when they



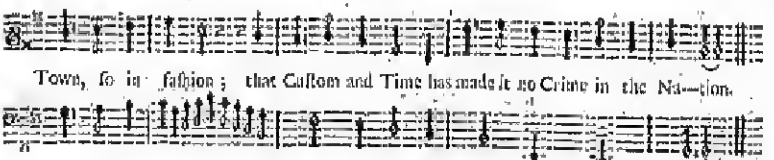
vow they will e-ver o-bey us, poor cre-du-lous we never know they will surely be-



tray us. Perfidious Man! let us do what we can, will an-do us; they de-sign to de-



ceive, when they make us believe that they woo us: And Perjury's grown such an Art in the



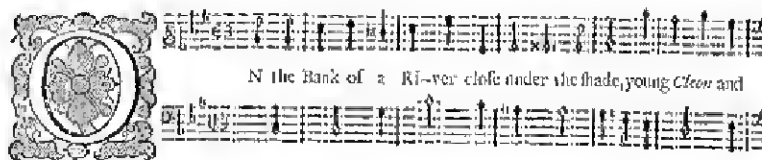
Town, so in fashion; that Custom and Time has made it no Crime in the Na-tion.

III.

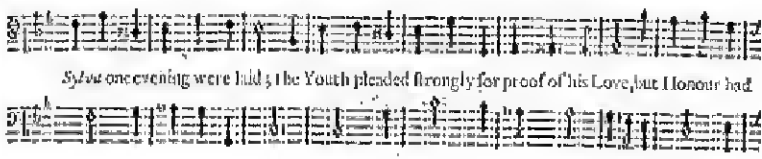
Our Nation no more shall relent at Men's flattering Anguish,
Their Crocodiles Tears shall no more make us monstrously languish;
Our beauty and Wit we will pleasantly use to decoy them,
As pleasantly then we'll use our Coyness and Frowns to destroy them.

IV.

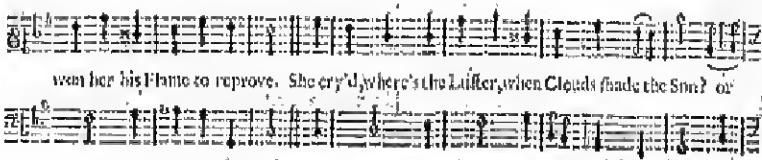
Beautiful Apes, who in mimical Shapes do accoll us,
Will most fairly repent when they find us relent, and they ha' lost us;
Their hours they pass in consulting the Glass to find Graces,
May unlike us approve, and presently love their Pools faces.



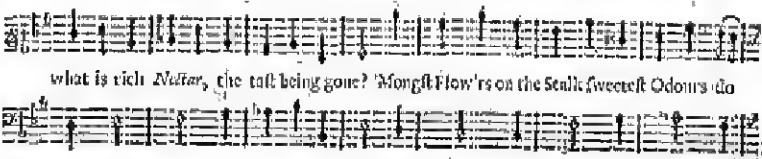
N the Bank of a Ri-ver close under the shade, young Cleon and



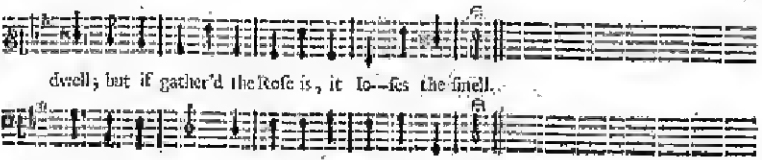
Sylva one evening were laid; the Youth pleaded strongly for proof of his Love, but Honour had



won her his Flame to reprove. She cry'd, where's the Luller, when Clouds shade the Sun? or



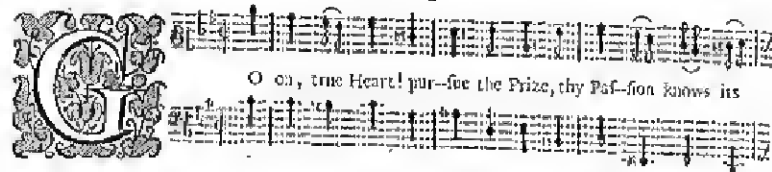
what is rich Nectar, the taste being gone? Morn'g Flow'rs on the Seal'd sweetest Odours do



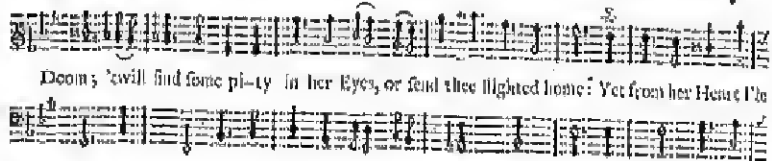
dwell; but if gather'd the Rose is, it lo-ses the smell.

II.

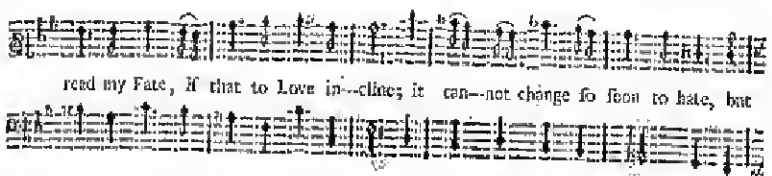
Thou dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,
If e're thou wilt argue, begin on Love's side;
In matters of State let grav'd Reason be shown,
But Love is a Power will be ruled by none;
Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare,
For Scandal has blurr'd both the Chast and the Fair;
Most hence are the joys Love's hiem-bick do fill,
And the Roses are sweetest when yet to the Still.



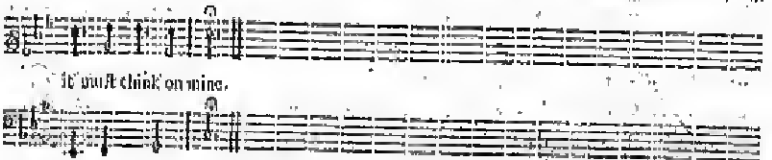
O on, true Heart! pur-sue the Prize, thy Pas-sion knows its



Doom; 'twill find some pi-ty in her Eyes, or send thee flighted home: Yet from her Heart I'm

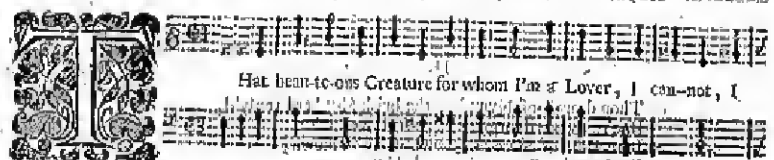


read my Fate, if that to Love in-cline; it can-not change so soon to hate, but

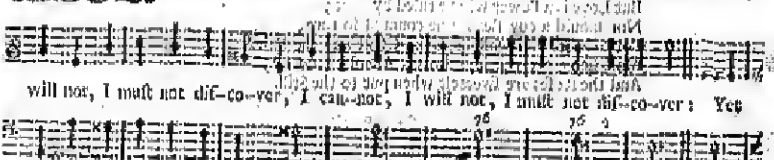


it will stick on mine.

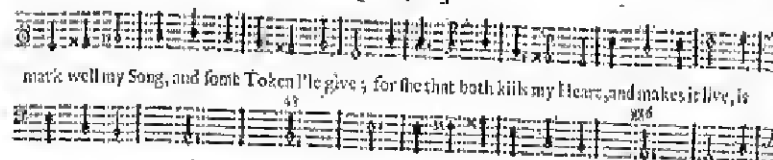
II.
Kind Nature will her hate oppose;
And though she does not love,
My Passion I will to disclose,
As shall her pity move.
Thence from that Pity with new Fire,
Although her Heart were Stone,
I'll melt it into chaste Desire,
And Conquer in my own.



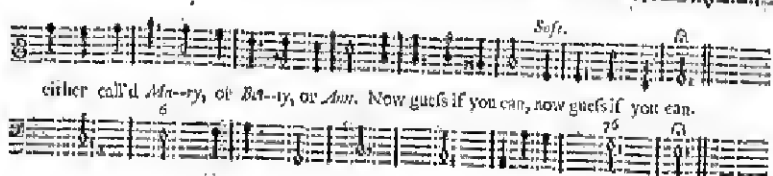
That heart-to-ous Creature for whom I'm a Lover, I can-not, I



will not, I must not dis-co-ver, I can-not, I will not, I must not dis-co-ver: Yet

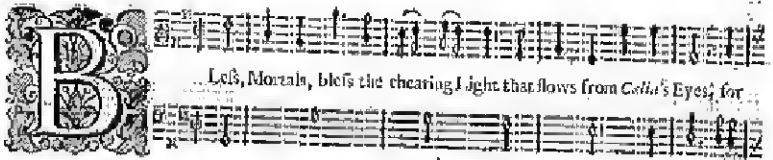


mark well my Song, and some Token I'll give; for she that both kills my Heart, and makes it live, is

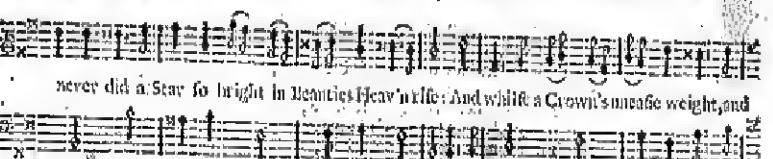


either call'd *Ma-ry*, or *Be-ty*, or *An*. Now guess if you can, now guess if you can.

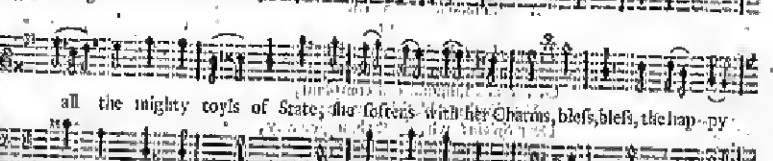
II.
Her Stature is tall, and her Body is slender,
Her Eyes are most lovely, her Cheeks pale and tender,
Fine Pearls are her Teeth, and her Lips Cherry red,
Her Smiles would revive a Man though he were dead,
She'd make one in love were he never before;
But I say no more, but I say no more.



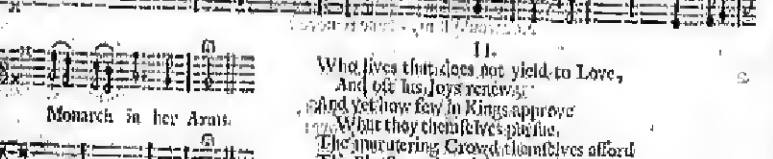
Let, Morals, bless the cheering Light that flows from *Colin's* Eyes; for



never did a Star so bright in Beauties Heav'n rise: And whilst a Crown's menage weight, and



all the mighty toils of State, she fastens with her Charms, bless, bless, the hap-py



II.
Who lives that does not yield to Love,
And oft his Joys renew;
And yet how few in Kings approve
What they themselves pursue,
The murmuring Crowd themselves afford
The Pleasures they deny their Lord,
Though Love is Empire's Dower,
To recompense the Slavery of Power.

Do. Slow.

A. 2. 1790.

P

Hi-lan-der once a mer-ry Swain, a charming Nymph did love; who

ne-ver paid his Love a-gain, but did un-con-stant prove: Fal-sely the Shepherd

he forsook, and did his Love dis-dain; yet he, in love such plea-sure took, that

he embrac'd the Pain.

Such was his Passion, such his Flame,

So full of Honour too,

That he still lov'd to breath her name,

Although she prov'd untrue;

Therefore beneath a Myrtle Shade,

One pleasant Summer's Morn,

The too unhappy Shepherd said,

And did lament her Scorn.

Thus to himself the wretched Swain;

Though tender of her Fame,

Of Sybil's Fidelity did complain,

Yet did not cease to love her pain;

Dear Sybil! why didst thou give way,

That I should talk of Love?

Yet, know'st thou could it not I love repay,

Nor would it my Flame remove?

IV.

When in his Youth my Passion was,

'Twas easy to remove;

But now 'tis grown to such a pass,

The Task too hard will prove;

For in my Heart the love of you

Too deeply rooted is;

'Twas the first Grief I ever knew,

Now 'tis my greatest bliss.

217

An Ayrre on a Ground.

H

gh State and Honour to o-theis in-part, but give me your

Heart; that Treasure, that Treasure a-lone, I beg for my own: So gen-tle a Love, so

frequent a Fire, my Soul does inspire; that Treasure, that Treasure alone; I beg for my

own: Your Love let me crave, give me in pos-ses-sion so matchless a Bless-ing, that

Empire is all I would have, loves my Passion and all my Ambition, If you dis-co-ver so

Arthur, is faithful a Lover, so re-al a Flame, I'd dye, I'd dye, I'd dye, to give up my Game.

Myself.

G

On a Lark's dressing by a Glass.

4. 2. 708.

O do not wrong that Face that is so fair, and sure will
 hide if you, her Work dis-
 pair; she has been free in glassing all the
 can, to make you love-ly, and ad-mir'd by Man. Then lay a-side your Glass,
 let me now advise you, 'Till Age or Grief, or both, make Men de-spise you.

Mr. William Gregory.

4. 2. 709.

Wretched being of his lovely Face,
 Deoted so much he dy'd his own Embrace;
 A Man old ho, what wilt the Woman do,
 When she surveys what Men admire and woo?
 Then lay aside your Glass, let me now advise you,
 'Till Age or Grief, or both, make Men de-spise you.

His bright Youth, while hard Fate it was to love a Slave, in banish'd,
 Slaves, and ingrate, grew weary of her pain: Long, long, to last the vain-ly strive, to
 vice her Chastity from a non Slave; All night too much by his children, he broke at last the
 Strong-link'd Chastity, and vow'd the rest to sell to love again.

Adapted from the original.

Capt. Parker.

11.

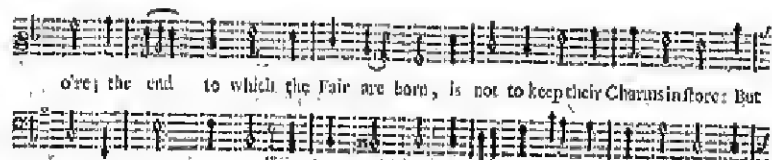
The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
 Gay as the blooming Spring,
 To no soft Tale would lend an Ear,
 But censure'd fit and true,
 Or if a moving Story wrought
 Her frozen heart to a kind thought,
 She check'd her tears, and cry'd, 'Tis true,
 'Tis true, thus has she lov'd,
 Once burn'd as much, but now she's cold.

111.

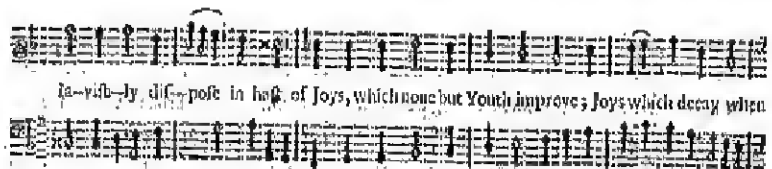
Long time she kept her Liberty,
 And by her all-conquering Eyes,
 A thousand Youthful Slaves she drew,
 Her Beauty's sweetest Power,
 Till Love at last young Slaves no more
 The object of each Youthful Slave,
 Whole Ranges of Slaves she drew,
 They made her laugh, and she was free,
 And made her heart more true.



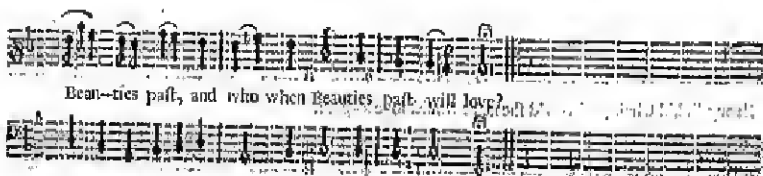
For up-on this heed-less Scorn, *Sylvia* for shame the Cheer give



o'er; the end to which the Fair are born, is not to keep their Charms in store: But



la-ri-ly dis-pose in ha- of Joys, which none but Youth improve; Joys which decay when



Beau-ties pass, and who when Beauties pass will love?

Capt. Patke.

II.

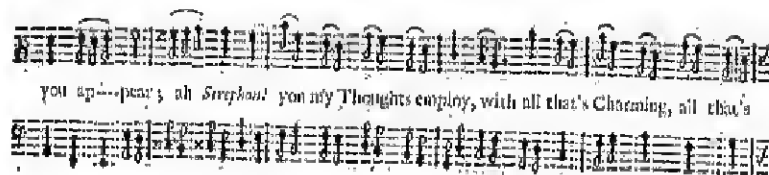
When Age those Glories shall efface,
Revenge all your cold disdain;
And *Sylvia* shall neglected pass,
By every one admiring youth;
And we can only pity pay,
When you in vain too late shall sum;
If Love increase, and Youth decay,
Ah *Sylvia*, who will make you love?

III.

Then hast my *Sylvia* to the Grove, where I have hid
Where all the Sweets of *Italy* are hid;
To teach us every Art of Love,
And raise our Charms of Pleasure high;
And when Embracing we had lov'd,
Closely in shades of Flowers hid;
The diller World, while we were hid,
Years would be Minutes, Night be Days.



H! what can mean that en-ger Joy? Transports my Soul when



you ap-pear; ah *Shepherd*! you my Thoughts employ, with all that's Charming, all that's



dear. When you your pleasing Sec-ry tell, a ten-der-ness in-vades my Pains;

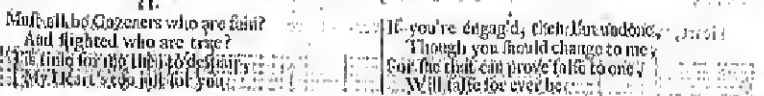
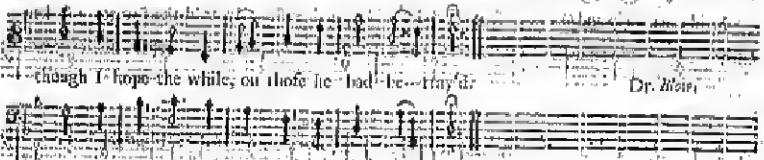
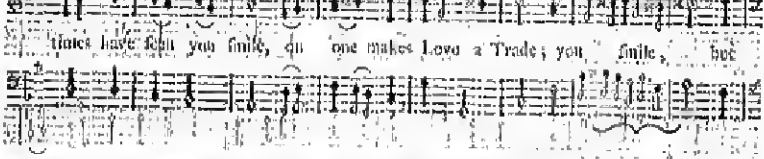
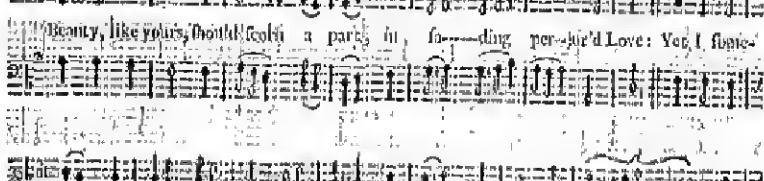
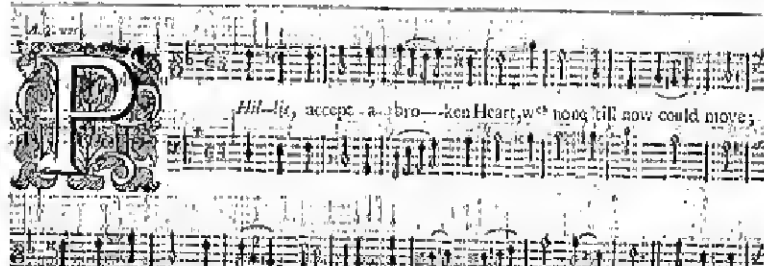
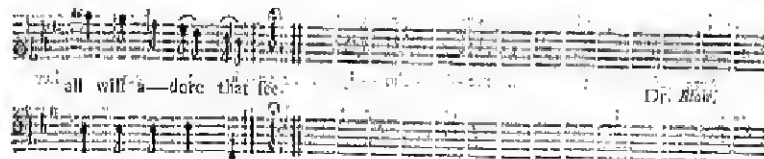
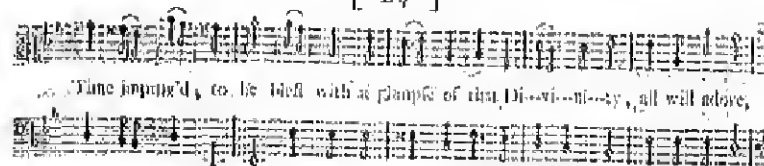
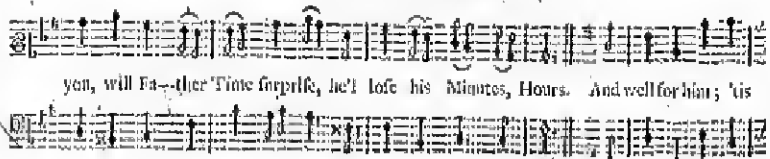
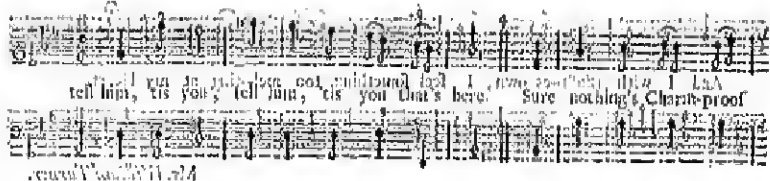
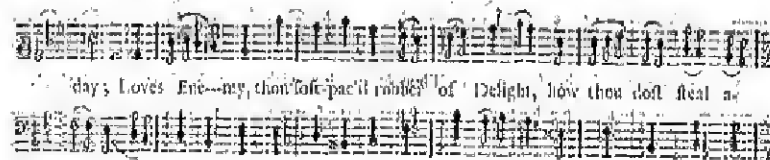
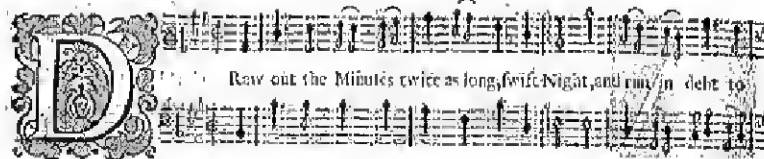


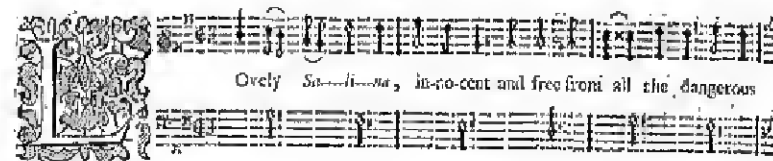
And I with Blush-es own, I feel something too mel-ting at my Heart.

Mr. William Turner.

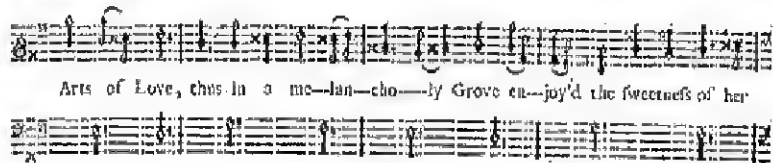
II.

Each sight my Reason does surprize,
And I at once both with aid fear;
My wounded Soul mingles to my Eyes,
As if 'twould prattle stories there;
Take, take this Heart that needs would go;
But Shepherd, see it kindly us'd;
For who such Presents would bestow,
If this, alas! should be abus'd?

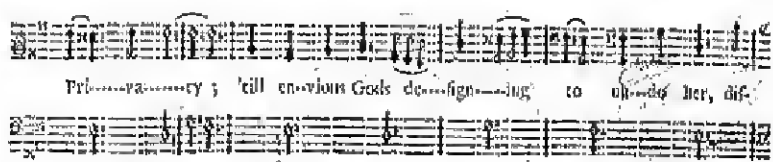




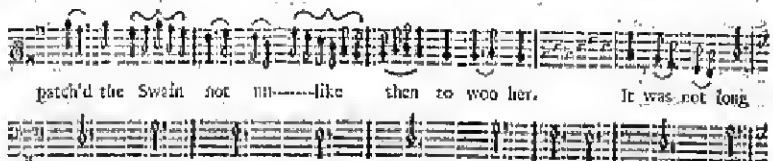
O'erly Sa-lu-na, in-to-cent and free from all the dangerous



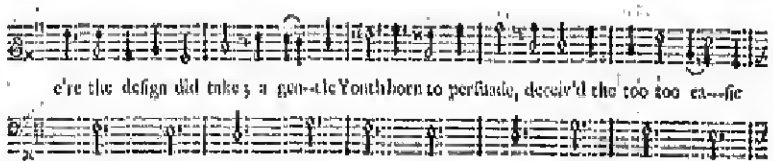
Arts of Love, thus in a mo-lan-cho-ly Grove en-joy'd the sweetness of her



Pris-va-ry; 'till en-vious Gods de-sign-ug to up-der her, dis-



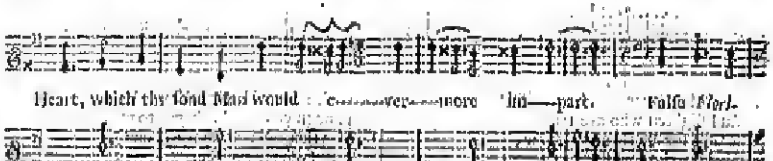
patch'd the Swain not un-like then to woo her. It was not long



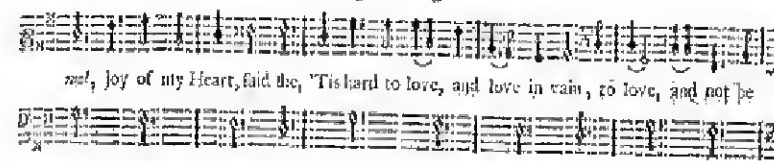
e're the design did take; a gen-tle Youth born to persuade, deceiv'd the too too en-sie



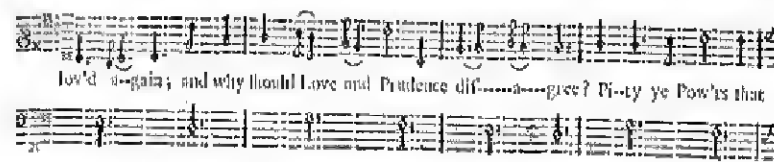
Maid; her Scrip and Garlands soon she did forsake, and rash-ly told the secrets of her



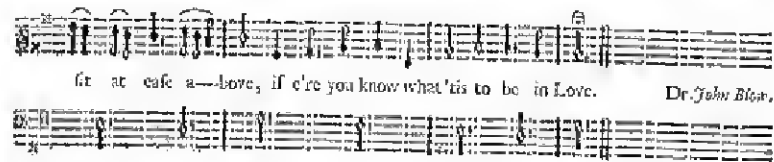
Heart, which the fond Maid would: e-ver more in-part. False Flor-



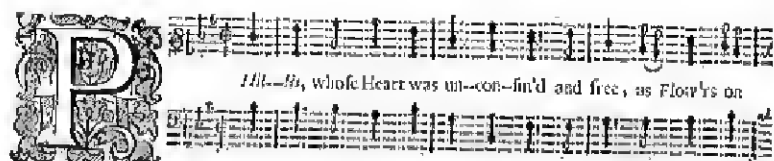
mel, joy of my Heart, said she, 'Tis hard to love, and love in vain, to love, and not be



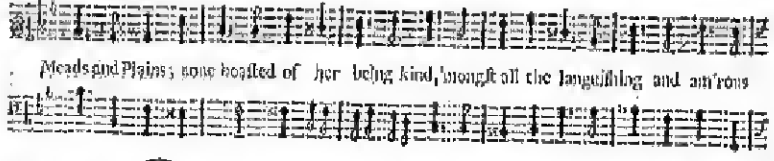
lov'd a-gain; and why should Love and Prudence dis-a-gree? Pi-ty ye Pow'rs that



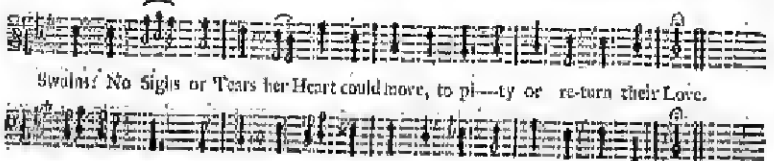
fit at ease a-love, if e're you know what 'tis to be in Love. Dr. John Blow.



III.—Pi, whose Heart was un-con-find and free, as Flow'rs on



Meads and Plains; soon hoisted of her being kind, brought all the languishing and an'rous



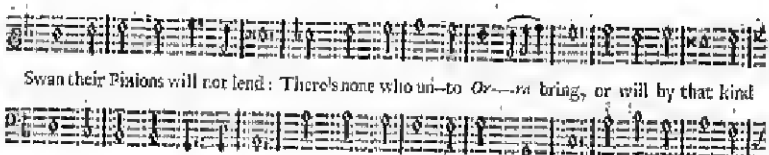
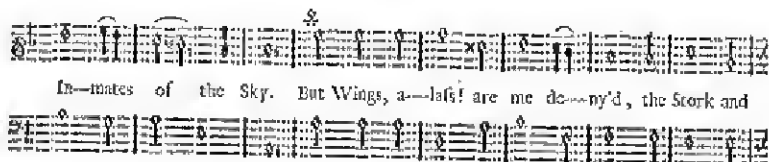
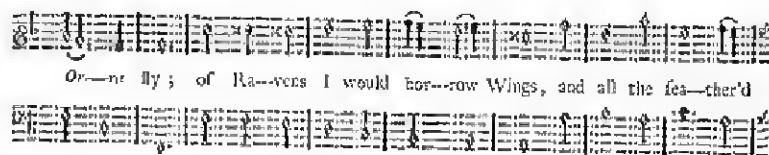
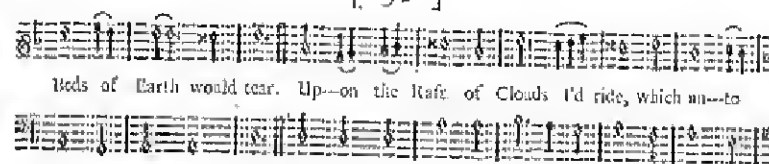
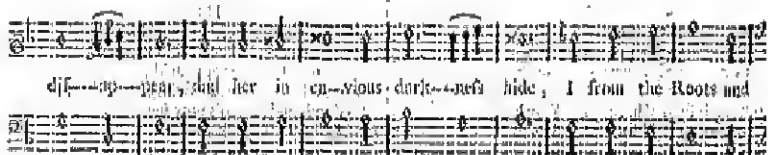
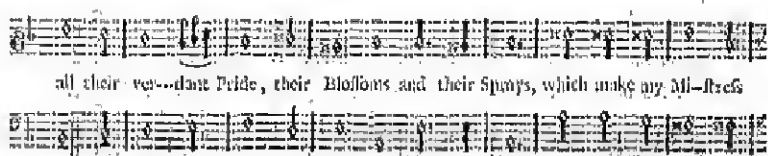
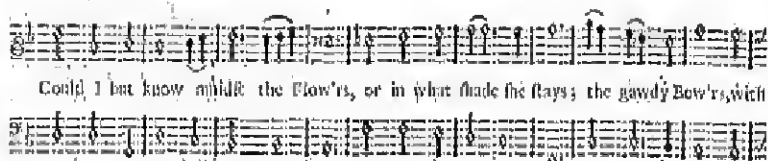
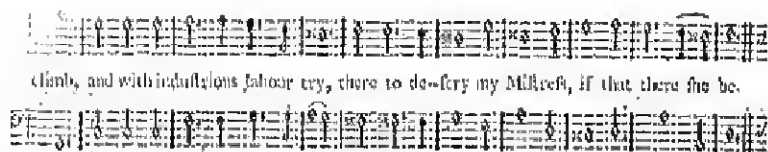
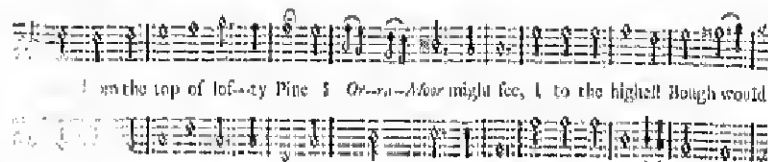
Swains! No Sighs or Tears her Heart could move, to pi-ty or re-turn their Love.

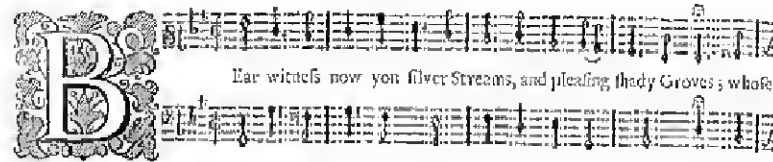
Mr. Tho. Farmer.

11.
Till, on a time the hapless Maid
Beth'd to shun the heat o' the day,
Into a Grove, beneath whose shade
Slept on the careless shepherd's lap and lay.
But oh! such Charms the Youth adores,
That he is ready for all her Scorn.

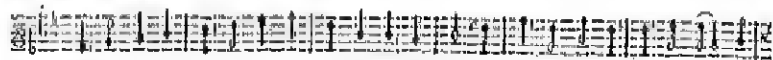
111.
Her Cheeks with blushes cover'd were,
And tender sighs her Bosom warm'd;
A softness in her Eyes appear'd,
Unus'd Pains she felt from every Charm.
To Words and Echo's now she cries,
For Modesty to speak denies.

O R R A M O O R, a Lapland Song.

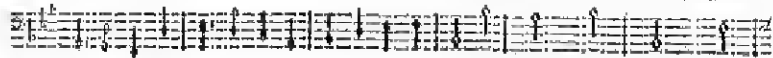




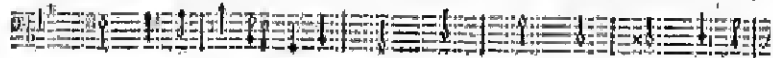
Ear witness now yon Silver Streams, and pleasing shady Groves; whose



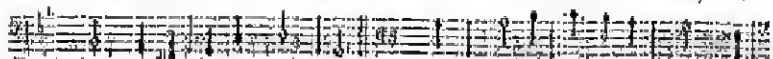
Harmony and Solitude can sweeten harmless Loves! How loud the Echo's of my Sighs do



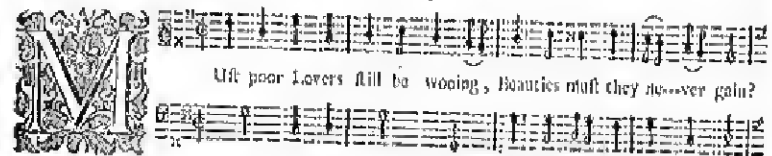
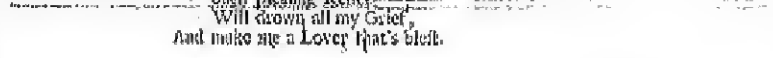
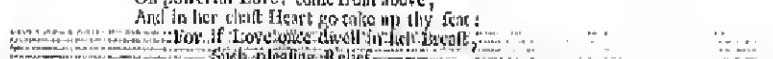
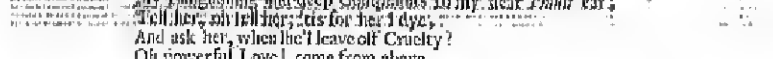
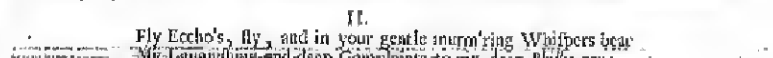
ring, for her whose Scorns cup me no comfort bring? Ye Pow'rs above, grant she may love, and



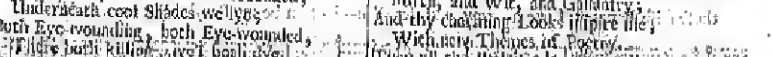
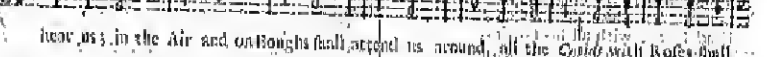
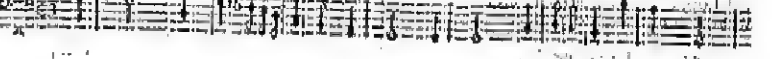
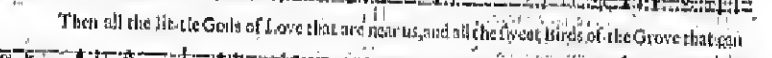
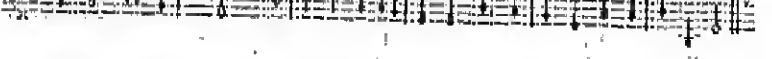
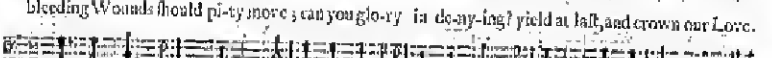
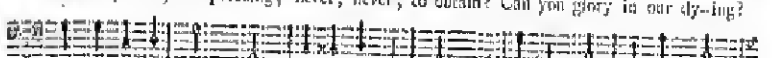
feel those Pangs which I al-ready know. For if Love once dwell in her Breast, for if



Love once dwell in her Breast, such pleasing Re-lief will drown all my Grief, and



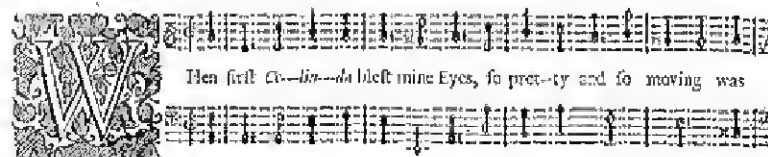
Ust poor Lovers still be wooing, Beauties must they never gain?



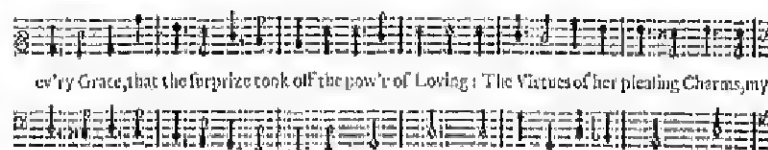
II.
Fly Echo's, fly, and in your gentle murm'ring Whispers bear
My Laugher and deep Sighs to my dear Phoebe ear;
Tell her, oh tell her, 'tis for her I dye,
And ask her, when he'll leave off Cruelty?
Oh powerful Love! come from above,
And in her chaste Heart go take up thy seat:
For if Love once dwell in her Breast,
Such pleasing Relief
Will drown all my Grief,
And make me a Lover that's blest.

Then with Myrtle Wreaths surrounded,
Underneath cool Shades we'll go;
Both Eye-wounding, both Eye-wounded,
Till's built Killdeer, we'll both dye.

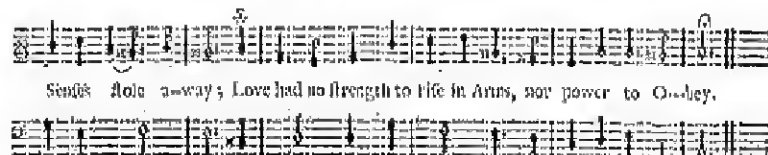
Thy bright Eyes shall gently soothe me,
Mirth, and Wit, and Gallantry;
And thy charming Looks inspire me
With new Themes of Poetry.
(Then all the little Gods,)



Then first Co--li--da blest mine Eyes, so pret--ty and so moving was



ev'ry Grace, that the surprize took off the pow'r of Loving: The Virtues of her pleasing Charms, my



Sends Awa--y; Love had no strength to live in Arms, nor power to O--bey.

Fast Blackish.

II.

As in a Dream, my Spirits all
Did to my Heart retire;
Which shut a stubborn City Wall,
Kept out the happy Fire:
My Heart and Eyes are now awake,
And all my Dreams are true;
And Love, to punish my mistake,
Does all my thoughts pursue.

At second view I was amaz'd,
And griev'd, but troubled most;
And on that Paradise I gaz'd,
Which I so lately lost.
When that Seraphick Face I view'd,
Kind Love, with all his Pow'rs;
The best remembrance did renew
Of those short happy Hours.

IV.

Blest be the Hours that let me know,
Earth had so rich a Treasure;
I live and revel here below,
And swim in Seas of Pleasure:
I'm banquet all my Senses here,
And treat my Soul with Bliss;
Music and Wit shall feed my Ear,
And Beauty give my Kisses.

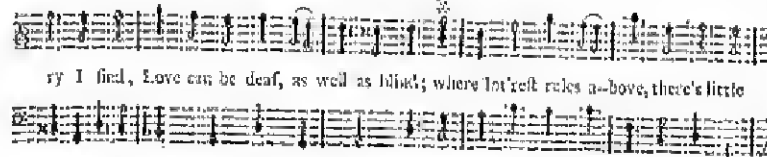
Heav'n in thy Voice and Eyes thou hast,
And when I hear thee chanting;
I hear, I see, I smell, I taste,
But there's some Sense still wanting,
From the rare virtue of which Sense,
All Senses have depending;
I lov'd did at first from that Combu--
A Pleasure without ending.



And, since his hopes, lest you convey my heart to pleasure and despair, not



those false hopes, lest you convey my heart to pleasure and despair, not



ry I find, Love can be deaf, as well as blind; where Int'rest rules a--bove, there's little



pleading in the Laws of Love.

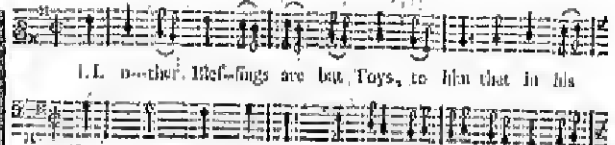
Fast Blackish.

II.

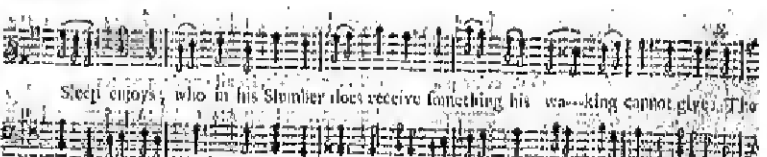
How strange a Vassal is her Fate,
To Tyrant Duty for dull Gain;
Love that's constrain'd oft turns to hate,
And makes the Union but in vain:
Yet Love is Mercenary made,
And Marriage turns into a Trade;
Where Int'rest must express
The measure of true Love and Happiness.

III.

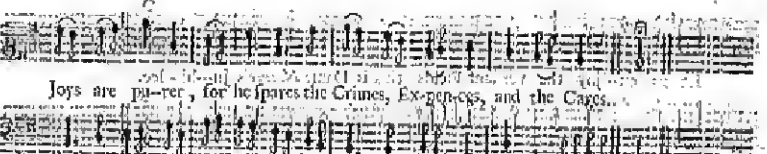
Affection should be brave and free,
And where it doubly pays its Charms;
It gains more by Civilty,
Than all the glittering force of Arms.
We still obey what is above,
As Fortune and the pow'r of Love;
But equal to Command
Do often struggle for the upper hand.



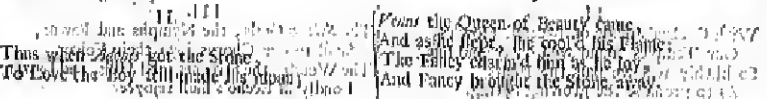
I.L. n--ther. These things are but Toys, to him that in his



Sleep enjoys, who in his Slumber does receive something his wa--king cannot give. The



Jays are pa--rer, for he spares the Crimes, Ex--pences, and the Cares.

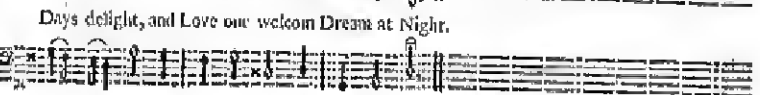
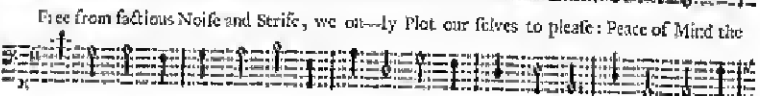


Thus when the Queen of Beauty came,
And as she slept, the cool'd his Flame;
The Fairy charm'd him so, he lay
To Love the Boy still made the downy way

A. 2. 302.



Happy is the Country life, blest with Content, good Health, and Ease,



Days delight, and Love our welcome Dream at Night.

Mr. James Hart.

II.

Hail green Fields and shady Woods,
Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure;
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only is secure:
Free from Vice, here free from Care,
Age is no pain, and Youth no snare.

A. 2. 303.



Now every place fresh Pleasure yields, let all our Appetites be free;



let us en-joy the verdant Fields, this is Dame Nature's Ju-bi-lee.

Mr. James Hart.

III.

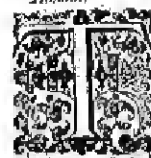
With Gossards' note of sweetest bliss,
Our Temples loud will dance and sing,
So blithely will we pass the hours,
As to produce the growing Spring.

III.

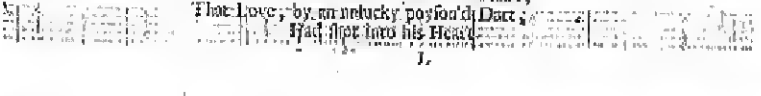
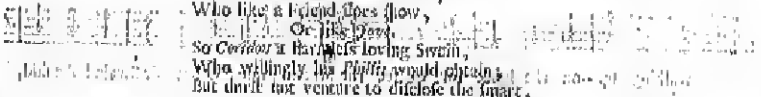
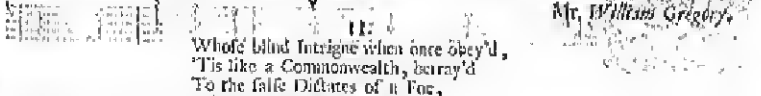
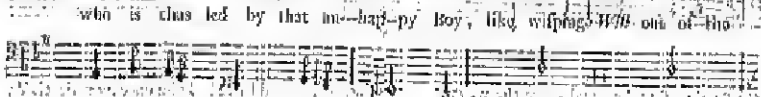
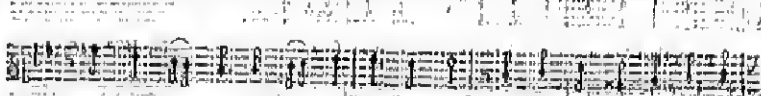
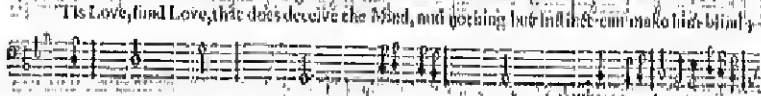
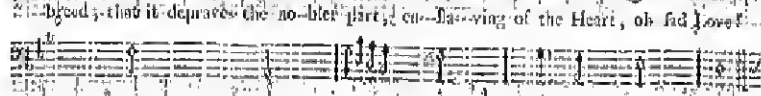
The Sylvan Gods, the Nymphs and Fawns,
Shall to our Chorus join their Voices,
The Woods, the Streams, and Hills, and Lanes,
Loudly in Echo's hall rejoice.

CORIDON and PHILLIS, or the Cautious Lover.

Again.



O love and like, and not succeed, such Passions in the Mind do



who is thus led by that mis-hap-py Boy, like wiffring, who out of the

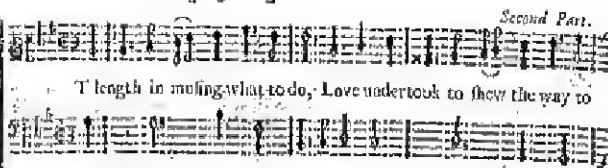
bet-ter way, yet thinks he does not stray.

Mr. William Gregory.

II.

Whose blind Intrigue when once obey'd,
'Tis like a Commonwealth, betray'd
To the false Dictates of a Fox,
Who like a Friend does flow,
Or like a Dove,
So Coridon a harmless loving Swain,
Who willingly his Phillis would obtain,
But durst not venture to disclose the snare,
That Love, by an unlucky postion'd Dart,
Had shot into his Heart.

CORNELIUS.

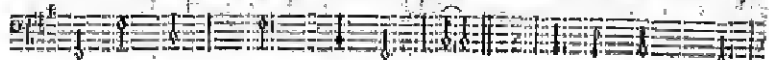


Second Part.

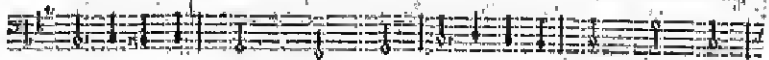
T length in musing what to do; Love undertook to show the way to



woo; in nothing else can be di-rect or guide. When met, draw near with courtly



pace, kiss her soft Hand, ad-mire her comely Face; Oye if thou can't, at last like Deathly



pear, then kiss a-gain and smile, and ne-ver fear.

Mr. William Gregory.



11.

Go Swain, says he, and trace the way,
Where *Philis* is accustomed to play
Upon her Pipe, but would not be espy'd.

He jealous of th' Advice receiv'd,
Thought unkind Love had him once more deceiv'd;
But in despair not leaving Fortune's blast,
Design'd to meet his *Philis* at the last.

Soprano.

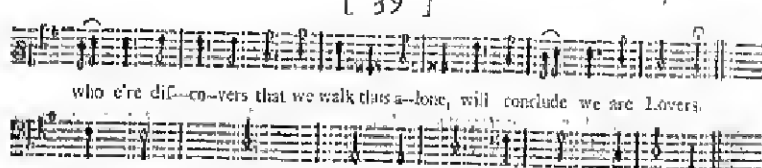
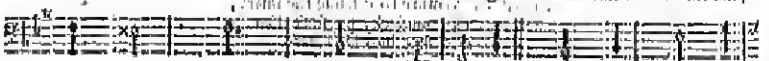


Third Part.

O—r—th—e—d—o—n met *Philis* fair close by a Ri-ver side;



walking up-on the Bank for to see the Scream glide: O but fair Swain! he said,



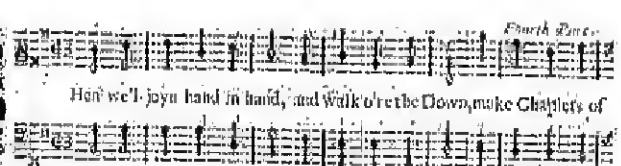
who ere dis-co-vers that we walk thus a-lone, will conclude we are Lovers.

Mr. William Gregory.

11.
She blash'd, he smiling said, well met my dearest Dear,
Thrice happy *Coridon*, thus to meet such joys here:
What harm can that procure, Love may be blam'd;
But if Truth once appear, sure it cannot be sham'd.

111.
If *Coridon* should prove a Traytor in his Zeal,
To make his *Philis* fond, and her Passions should reveal,
Unhappy she'd appear, more than all the Nymphs besides:
To yield unto a Swain at the first time that she's try'd.

1V.
Let not fair *Philis* fear, false Thoughts dare enter
Into this breast of mine, where true Love has its Center;
For could I suspect any false conclusion,
I would first tell my Nymph, that my kind were delusion.



Fourth Part.

Hand we'll join hand in hand, and walk o're the Down, make Chapslets of



Ros-es our Heads to crown: The Ci-ty may boast of her rich At-tire, that's



nothing to jo-ving with true de-sire.



Mr. William Gregory.

11.
Let the Joys of the Court in young us excell,
Our Rural Delights shall please us as well;
No Jealousy here shall disturb our Minds,
While we sing and dance with our Kids and Hinds.

111.
When the World is turmoil'd with trouble & care,
The Rich and the Great may therein have share;

But we in our Love froth that shall be free,
And none shall more happily live than we.

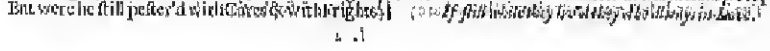
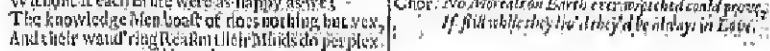
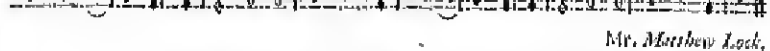
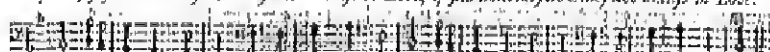
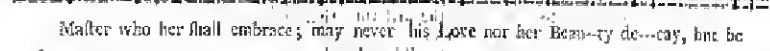
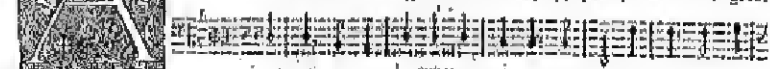
1V.
When then with thy Pipe that good Music make,
Then we with our Feet will true Measures take;
And thus will we spend the day in Delight;
And be as lets pleasant when it is night.

A SONG IN PSYCHE.

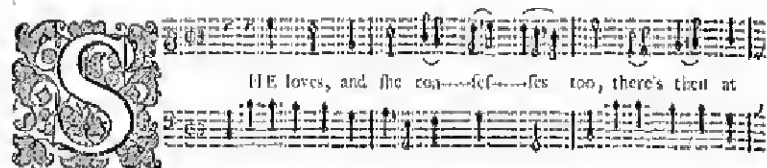
A. 2. 186.



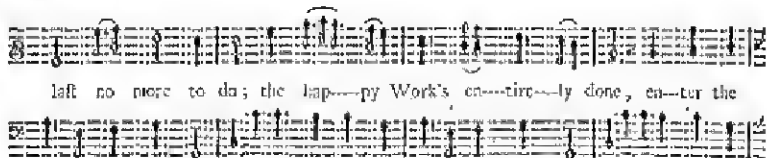
L. I. joy to fair *Psyche* in this hap-py place, and to our great



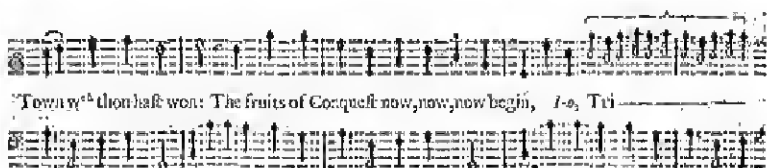
A Song upon a Ground.



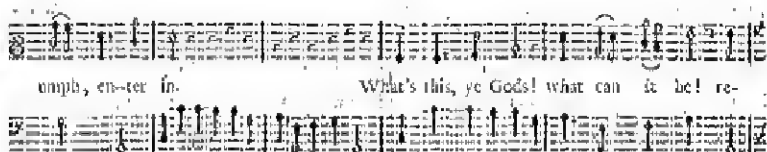
HE loves, and she con-*des*—*ses* too, there's then at



last no more to do; the hap-*py* Work's en-*ti*re-ly done, en-*ter* the



Town w^h thou hast won: The fruits of Conquest now, now, now begin, *I-o, Tri*—

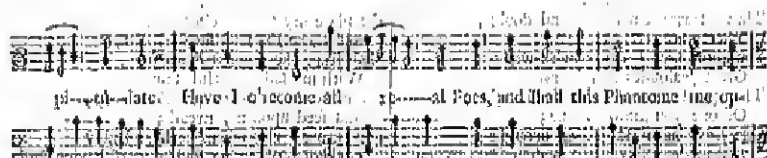


umph, en-*ter* in.

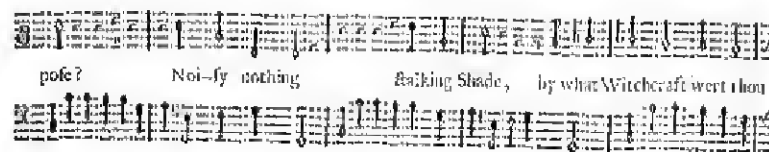
What's this, ye Gods! what can it be! re-



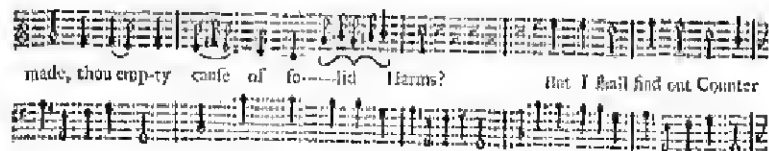
mains there still an *E-ne-my*! Hold *your* hands up in the Gate, and would yet ex-



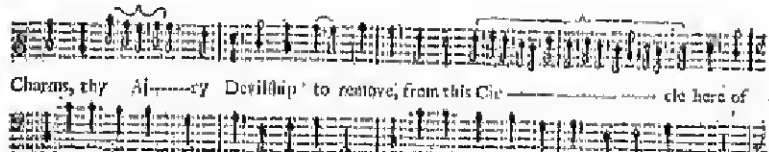
pi-*ate*-late. Give I *chance*-all *al*—*al* Poes, and shed this Phantom's *ins*, op-*al*



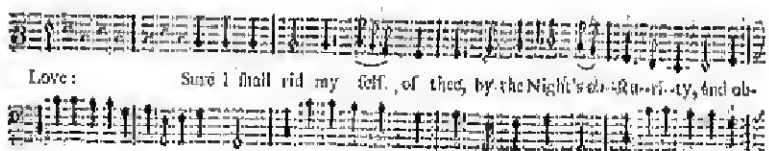
pose? Noi-*ly* nothing. Balking Shade, by what Witchcraft wert thou



made, thou *err*-ry cause of fo-*id* Harms? But I shall find out Counter

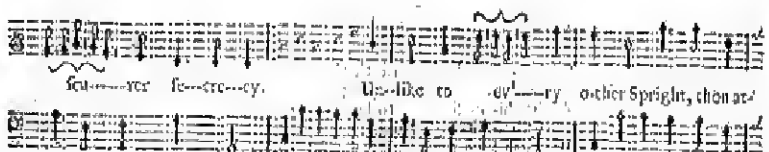


Charms, thy Al-*ry* Devilship to remove, from this Cir-*cle* here of



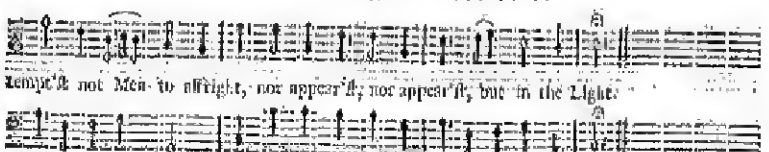
Love:

Sure I shall rid my self, of thee, by the Night's *ab*-Ru-*ri*-ty, and ob-



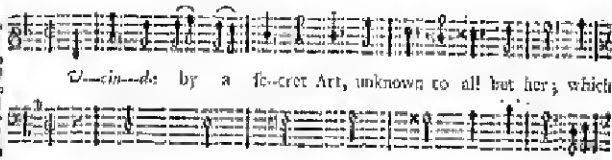
fer-*er* se-*er*-cy.

Un-*like* to *ev*-*ry* other Spright, thou art

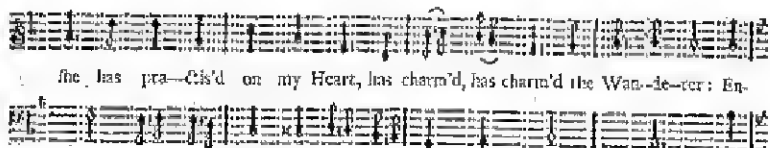


tempe & not Men to affright, nor appear'st, nor appear'st, but in the Light.

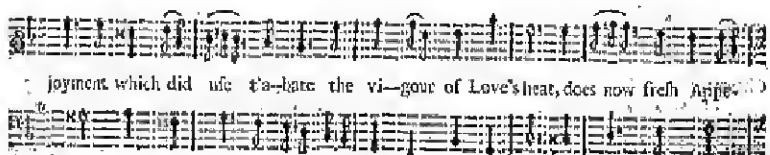
Mr. Henry Purcell.



U—cin—de by a se—cret Art, unknown to all but her, which



she has pra—cis'd on my Heart, has charm'd, has charm'd the Wan—de—rer: En—



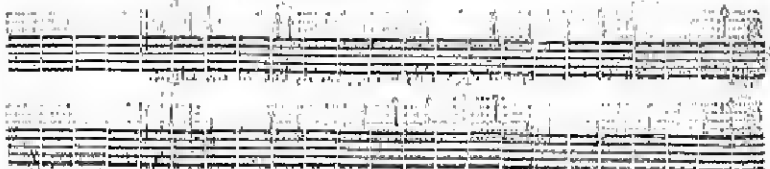
joyment which did use to hate the vi—gour of Love's heat, does now fresh Ap—



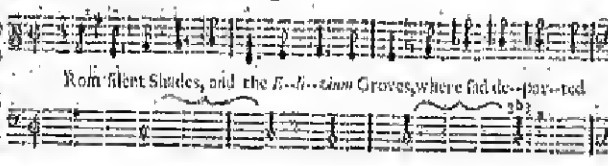
pleas create, the Plea—sures to re—peat.

17.

So fares it with the Bird that's took,
And into Bondage brought;
At first his Prison how to look,
With difficulty's taught:
But with kind tender usage bred,
Grows pleas'd with his Abode;
And with more Delicates is fed,
Than e're he found abroad.



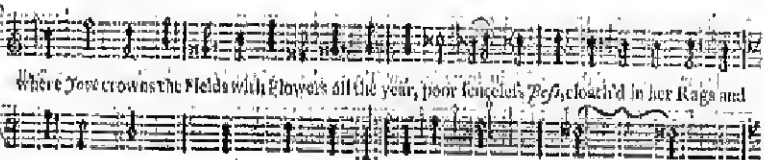
17.



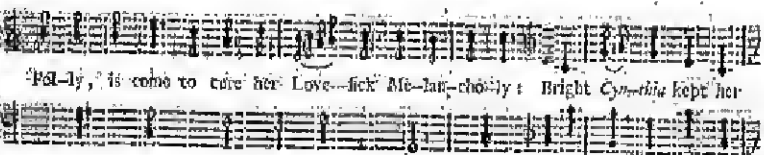
From silent Shades, and the Fi—li—am Groves, where hid do—por—red



Spi—rits unborn, their Loves, from Chrysal Streams, and from that Coun—try,



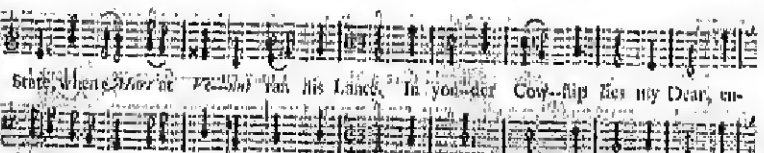
where Jove crowns the Fields with Flowers all the year, poor Sensitive's Pests, cloath'd in her Rags and



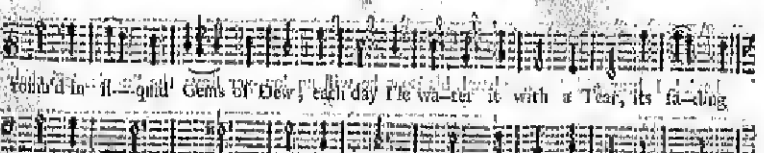
Pal—ly, is come to cure her Love—sick Me—lan—choly: Bright Cy—thia kept her



Re—vels like, while Arab the Fairy—Queen did dance; and O—be—can did sit in

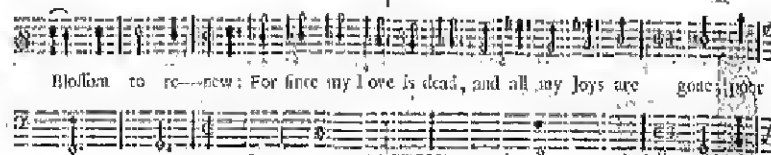


Scot, where Mervat the Fair did his Lance, In your dear Cow—slip lies my Dear, en—

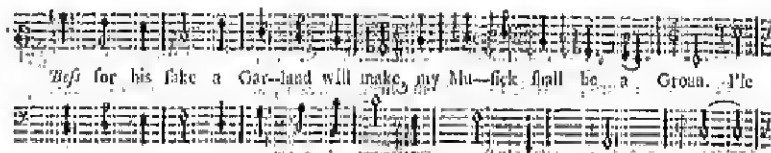


voud'd in it—quid Gems of Dew, each day the wa—ter it with a Tear, its sa—ling

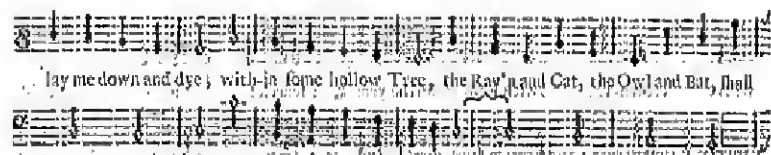
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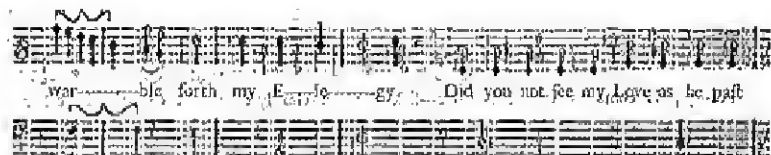
Blossom to re--new: For since my Love is dead, and all my Joys are gone, I



Bess for his sake a Gar--land will make, my Mu--sic shall be a Grown. I'll



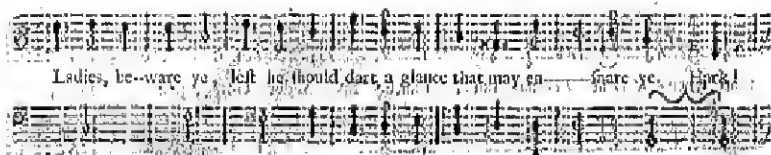
lay me down and dye; with in some hollow Tree, the Ray and Cat, the Owl and Bat, shall



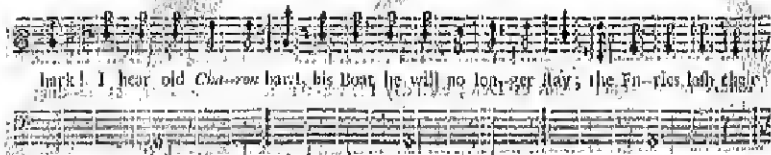
war--ble forth my E--ye--ye. Did you not see my Love as he past



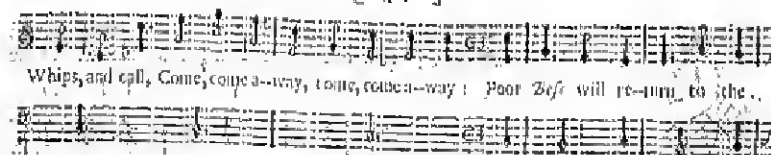
by you? His two flaming Eyes, if he come nigh you, they will torch up your Hearts.



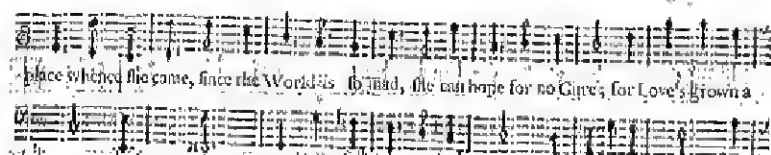
Ladies, be--ware ye, lest he should dart a glance that may en--snare ye. Hark!



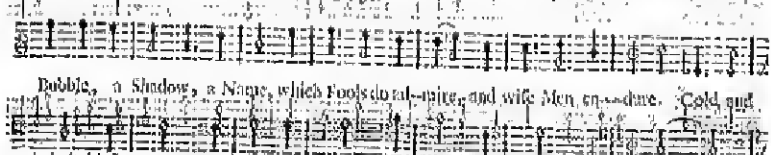
Hark! I hear old *Charon* bark, his Boat he will no longer stay; the En--ries loth their



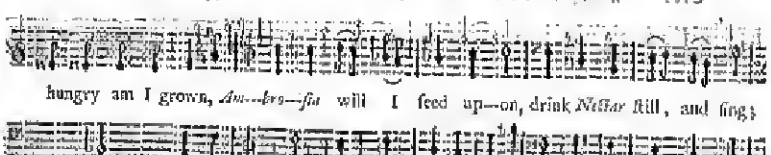
Whips, and call, Come, come a--way, come, come a--way: Poor *Bess* will re--turn to the



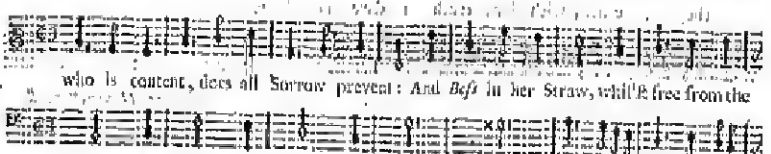
place whence she came, since the World is so bad, she can hope for no Cure, for Love's grown a



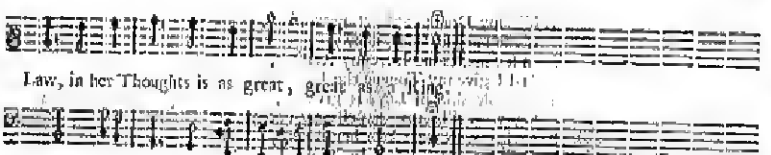
Bubble, a Shadow, a Name, which Fools do at--mire, and wise Men en--dure. Cold and



hungry am I grown, *Am--ke--fa* will I feed up--on, drink *Nectar* still, and sing;



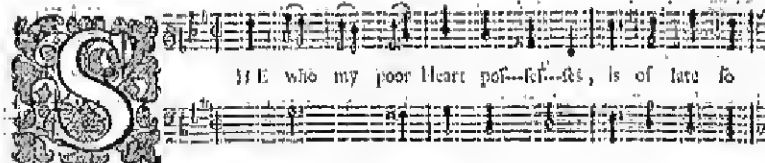
who is content, does all Sorrow prevent: And *Bess* in her Straw, will be free from the



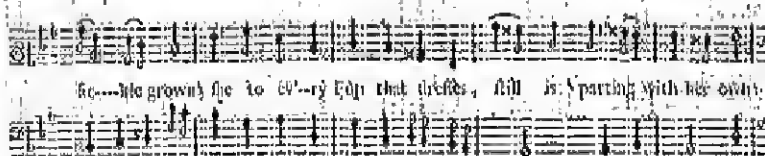
Law, in her Thoughts is as great, great as King.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

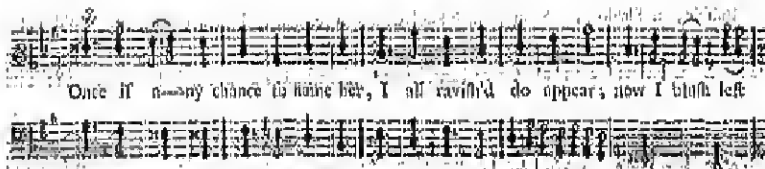




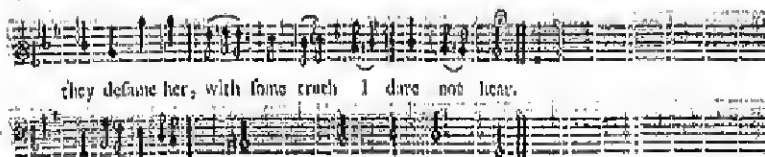
HE who my poor Heart pos-*sess*, is of late to



he—has grown the to *ev'ry* *Eye* that glances, still is sparring with his own



Once if n—any chance to *honor* her, I all *ravish'd* do appear; now I blush left

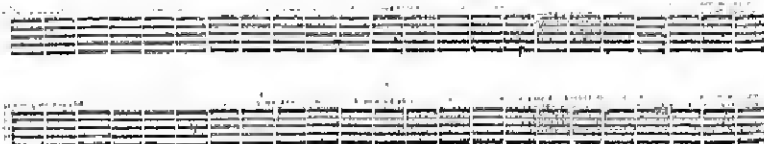


they defame her, with some truth I dare not hear.

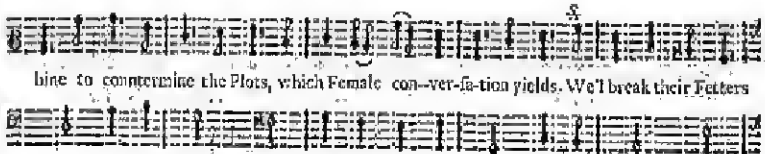
Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

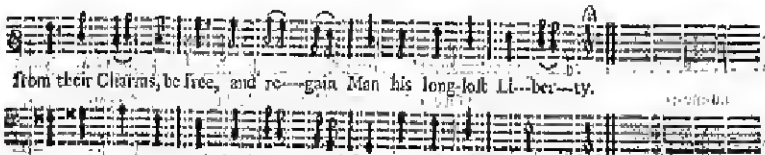
While my *Louds* are yet prevailing,
If he but the thing deny;
Soon he makes me leave my Railing,
And I give my Tongue the lye:
You whole still in Love is greater,
Say what Charms compels my Fate;
Say what makes me love her better,
Whom I fear I bought to hate.



Once dear Com-pa-nions of th' *Ar-cu-dian* Fields, let us com-



bine to con-quer the Plots, which Female con-ver-sation yields. We'll break their Fetters



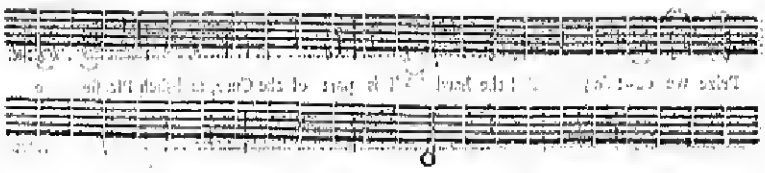
from their Charms, be free, and re-gain Man his long-lost Li-ber-ty.

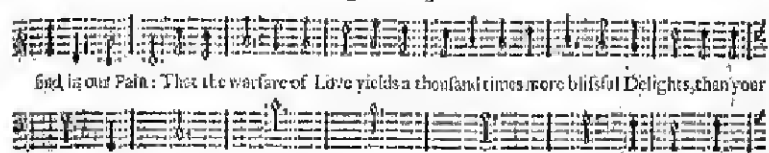
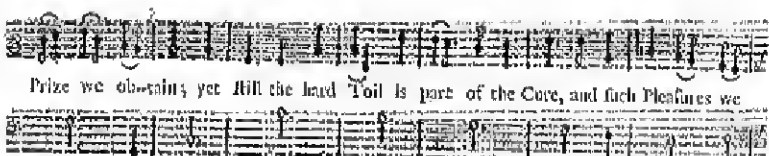
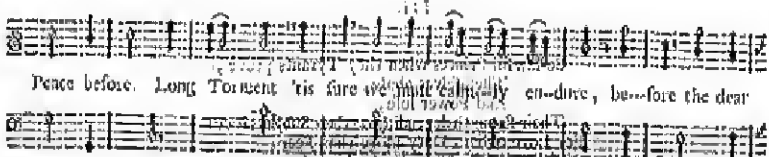
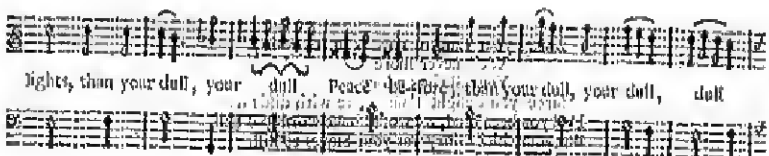
II.

Heavy your Empire now is laid waste,
We'll never more
Your Shrines adore,
Since you delight 't associate with disdain:
Had you been kind, we would have worship'd still;
But your chief Glory was your Slaves to kill.

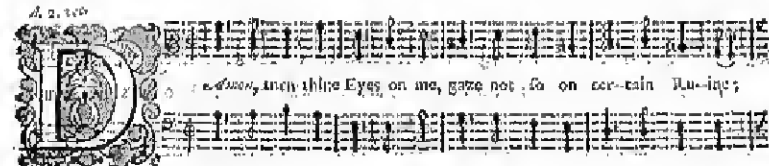
III.

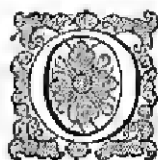
So lawful Princes when they Tyrants prove,
Themselves abuse,
And Power lose,
Their Strength depending on their Subjects love:
For Love obliges Duty more than Fear,
All hate that Govern'd thus is too severe.



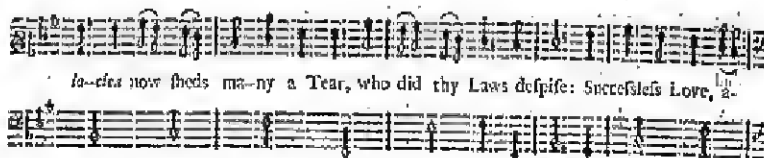


Mr. Henry Purcell.

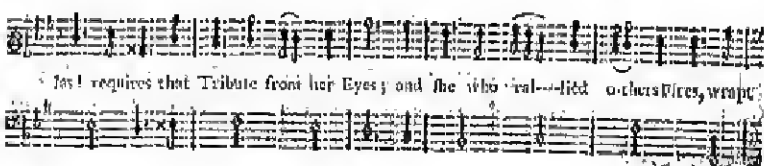




H Love! how soft and how so-vere thy mighty Godhead is? Phil.



la-dea now sheds ma-ny a Tear, who did thy Laws despise: Secretless Love, a-



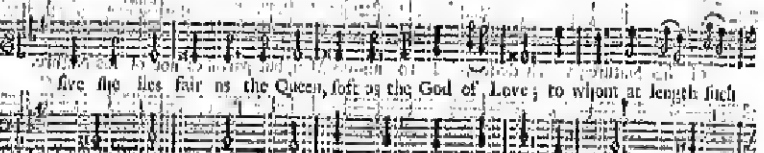
las! requires that Tribute from her Eyes; and she who val-ued o-thers Lives, wrap-



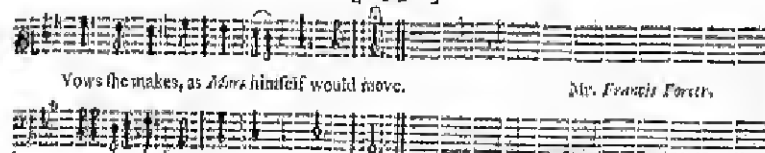
in her own, now dies. Up-on a Bed of sweetest flow'rs, careless she lies her



down; in Sighs she spends the co-eternal Hours, in Tears her Eyes does drown; Pen-



sive she lies fair as the Queen, soft as the God of Love; to whom at length such

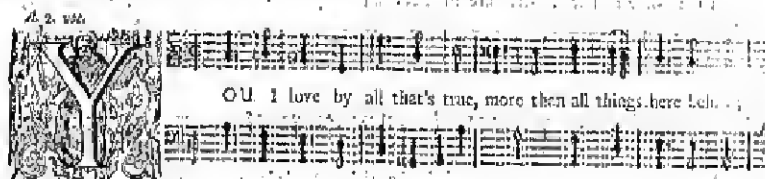


Vows she makes, as *Love* himself would move.

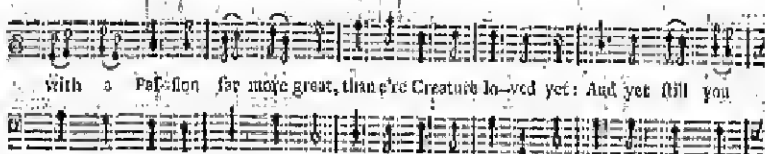
Mr. Francis Forster.

II.
Spare, O spare a tender Maid,
Who never knew thy Power;
Till by a faithless Swain betray'd,
In vain she did Adore:
Enlarge these flames, that soon they may
This wretched Frame consume!
And not to torment by delay,
But quickly seal my Doom.

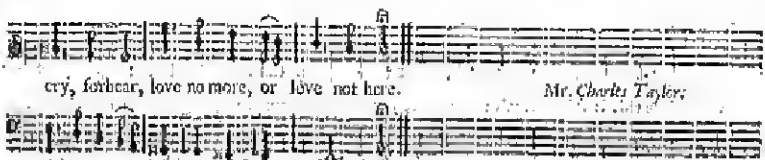
III.
Or if for past Offences,
Must linger out my days
In Torments constant, till I dye,
The Murderer I'll praise:
Dead to my Vows, false to his own,
Pardon although he begs,
Yet patiently I'll submit,
To suffer Heaven and thee.



YOU I love by all that's true, more than all things here below.



With a Pas-sion far more great, than e'er Creature lov-ed yet: And yet still you

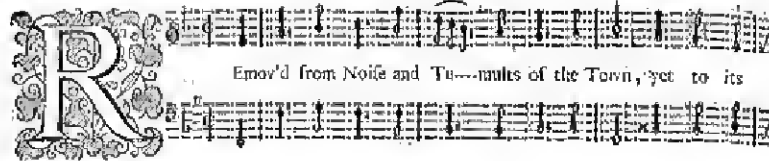


cry, forbear, love no more, or love not here.

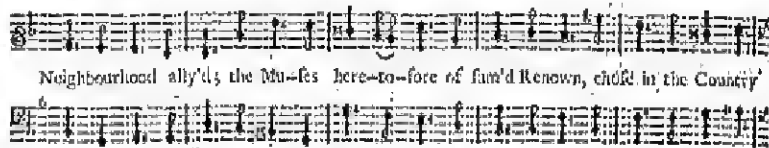
Mr. Charles Taylor.

II.
Did the Devil leave his Ore,
Did the Wretched sigh no more;
Did the Old be young again,
Did the Nun not think of Man;
Sylva, this when you can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

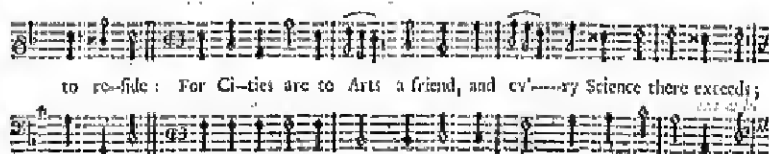
III.
Love's not a thing of Oldies, but Fate;
That makes me love, that makes you hate:
Sylva then do what you will,
Kiss or cure, torment or kill;
Be kind or cruel, false or true,
Love I must, and none but you.



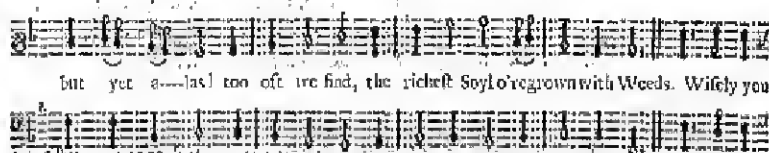
Emov'd from Noise and Tu---muls of the Town, yet to its



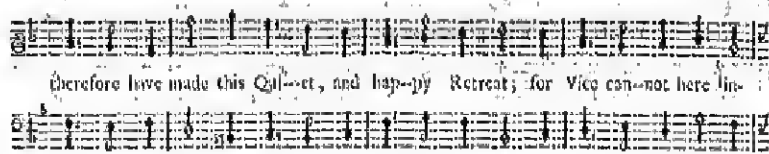
Neighbourhood ally'd; the Mu-ses here-to-fore of fam'd Renown, chide in the Country



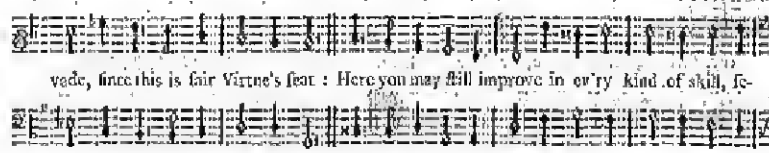
to re-side: For Ci-ties are to Arts a friend, and ev'---ry Science there exceeds;



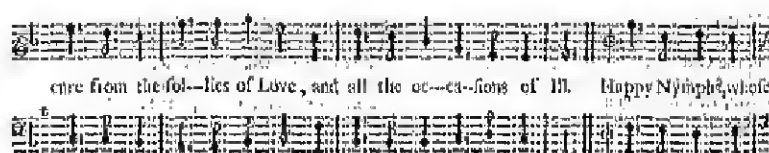
but yet a---last! too oft we find, the richest Soyl o'rgrown with Weeds. Wisely you



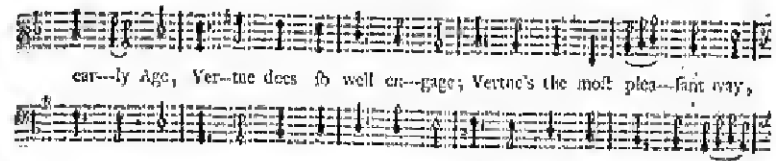
therefore have made this Qui---et, and hap-py Retreat; for Vice can-not here lin-



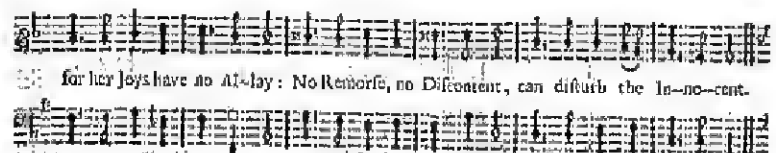
vade, since this is fair Vir-tue's seat: Here you may still improve in ev'ry kind of skill, se-



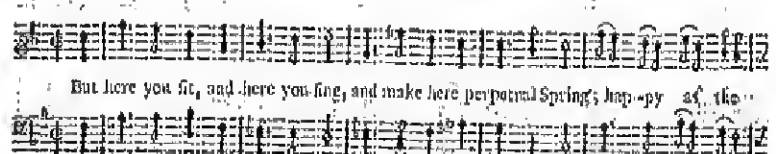
cure from the fol---lies of Love, and all the oc---ca-sions of Ill. Happy Nymphs, whose



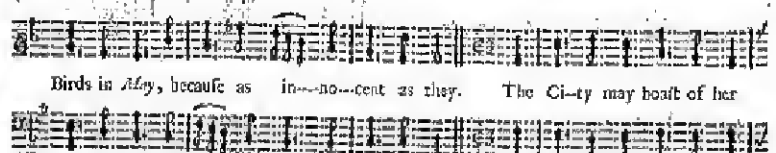
ear-ly Age, Ver-me does so well en---gage; Vertue's the most plea-sant way,



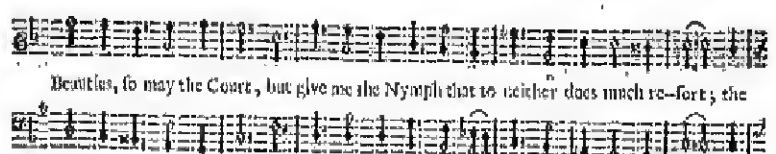
for her Joys have no Al-lay: No Remorse, no Discontent, can disturb the In-no-cent.



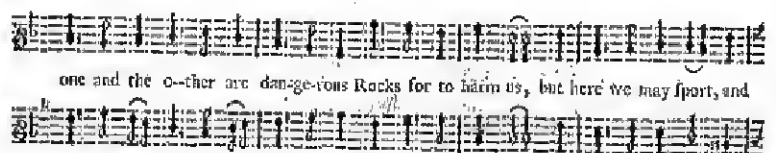
But here you sit, and here you sing, and make here perpetual Spring; hap-py as the



Birds in May, because as in-no-cent as they. The Ci-ty may boast of her



Beauties, so may the Court, but give me the Nymph that to neither does much re-ort; the

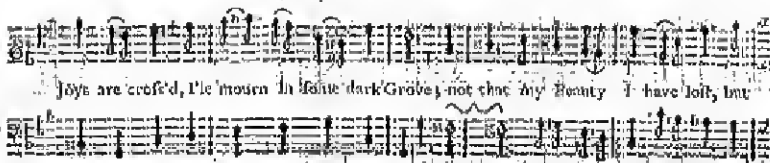
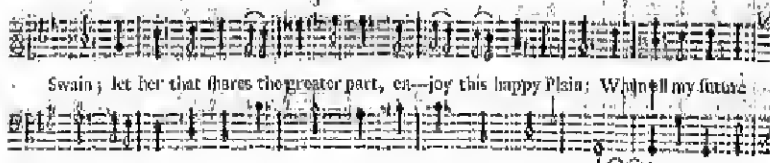
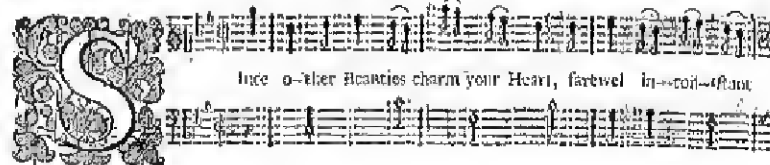


one and the o-ther are dan-ge-rous Rocks for to harm us, but here we may sport, and



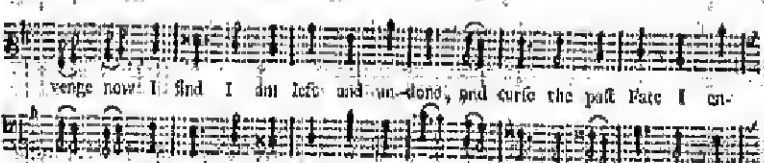
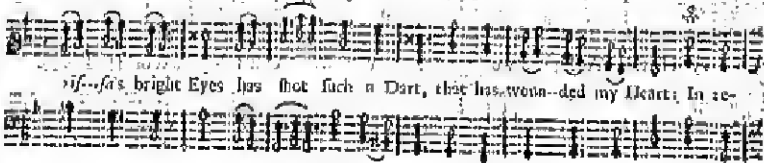
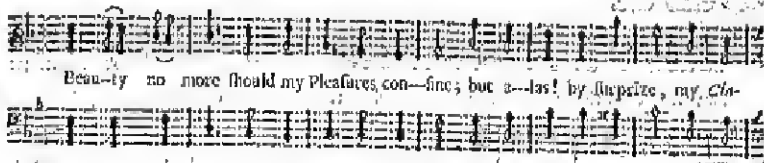
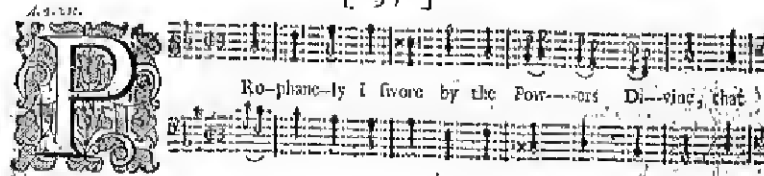
they can neither hurt nor alarm us.

Mr. Francis Forcer;



II.

The Willow-Green shall crown my Head,
And wrap my Body round;
I'll gather Leaves to make my Bed
Upon the mossy Ground;
To every Spring and echoing Grove,
My mournful Song shall be,
Beauty was thrown away (for Love),
On vain Inconstancy.



Mr. Charles Taylor.

III.

But Love, like the Brave, no sooner subdu'd
His amorous Slave, but in pity renew'd
Such excesses of Joy,
My Tears to destroy;
Now in Freedom I reign,
All proud of my Pain;
Such Raptures of Bliss my Senses persuade,
Tis in love, tis in love, our Pleasures we fade.

A Dialogue between Daphney and Amintas.

Daphney.

S

O pale Amintas! does thy Looks appear, as if thy Doom drew

Amintas.

near; whence do thy Sorrows flow? From Discontent, the plague of Pow'rs below; I nee wea-

Daph.

ry of this World, and would as soon their know. Can this poor World find no re-

lief, to cure thy melancholy Grief? No, temptations hopes of Happiness draw near, that may con-

tain thy Wishes here? The World in all its Pomp and State, is but a Lot-tery of Fate,

where Fortune blindly does bestow, favours on him to whom she ne'er did owe; where Fondlings

me-re-less as wife, enjoy the Prize, and care not for the loss. Fortune a Cheat un-

to our Hopes, is sent to steal a-way the blessing of Content, deapen-ding on our

Amis.

Fraud, re-news our Care, and brings us to de-spair; But few re-plate at Fate,

Daph.

who happy are. Alas poor Swain! those who you daily see, that seem so happy, they

then more Troubles undergo; in all they think or do, and to the World less happy see than we.

Amis.

Daph.

Amis.

Then to be happy, is to be content. Turns to be that a mean? But I am troubled.

No, it must not be, I'll charm a-way thy Grief with Har-mo-ni, all

Trouble must be banish'd hence. When Daphney try thy in-ter-ence.

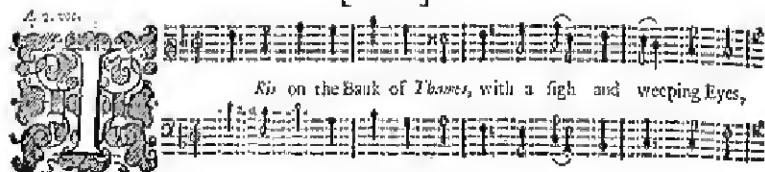
LET Mu-sick, let Mu-sick, let Mu-sick be our Charm, to keep the Mind from
 LET Mu-sick, let Mu-sick, let Mu-sick be our Charm, to keep the Mind from
 harm; let helpless Trouble live a-lone, let Envy make her mean;
 harm; let helpless Trouble live a-lone, let En-ry make her mean;
 let helpless Trouble live a-lone, let En-ry, let En-ry make her mean, while
 let helpless Trouble live a-lone, let En-ry make her mean, while
 all those Blessings we pursue, still wait on me and you, and fall, and fall, as on our
 all those Blessings we pursue, still wait on me and you, and fall, and fall, as on our
 Flocks, and fall as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.
 Flocks, and fall as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.

Wm. Blackwell.

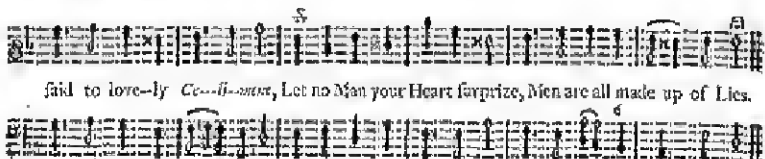
A. 2. 18. Canto & Refrain.

W HILE our Flocks feed up-on the Plains, let us re-tire to
 HILE our Flocks feed up-on the Plains, let us re-tire to
 ver-derent Groves; and to each other in gen-tle Strains, chant o're the
 verdent Groves, and to each o-ther in gen-tle Strains, chant o're the Sto-
 ry of our Love. There Heav'n will di-ffuse such myst'ick Influence up-
 ry of our Love. There Heav'n will diffence such myst'ick Influence up-on thy
 on thy Lyre, as shall in-spire all the Psaphonick Quire, to
 Lyre, as shall in-spire all the Psaphonick Quire, all the Psaphonick
 sing how we shall here thus live, thus love E-ter-nal-ly. *Mc. J. H. H.*
 Quire, to sing how we shall here thus live, thus love E-ter-nal-ly.
 There each hollow Tree
 An Organ Pipe shall be;
 And from their Womb
 Such sounds shall come,
 As to persuade the World, that Oaks may be
 Enchanted with our softer Harmony.

R



Ro on the Bank of *Thames*, with a sigh and weeping Eyes,



said to love-ly *Ce--li--mon*, Let no Man your Heart surprize, Men are all made up of Lies.

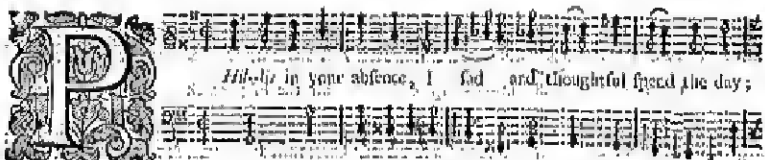
Tho. Tindley.

II.

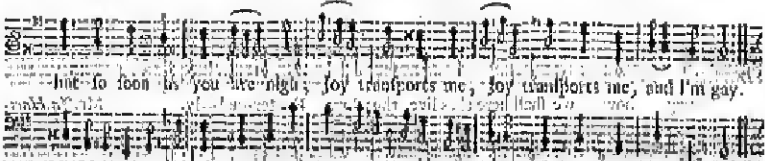
Though a thousand times they swear,
And as many Vows repeat,
All they say is common Air,
All they promise but Deceit,
None were ever constant yet.

III.

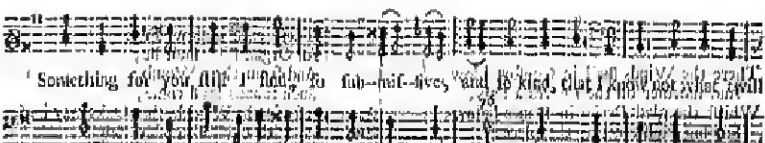
Wisely then preserve your Heart
From such Tyranny of Fate,
Which only then can act its part,
When Love has its return of hate,
And your Repentance comes too late.



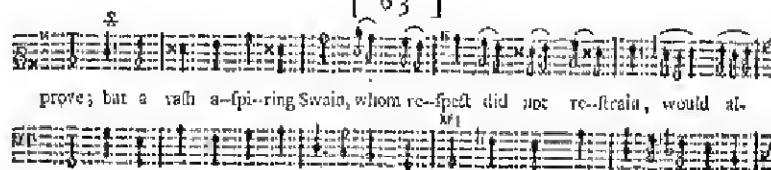
His-ly in your absence, I sad and thoughtful spend the day;



But so soon as you're nigh, joy transports me, joy transports me, and I'm gay.



Something for you, and I'll send, to sub-serve, and to bind, that I may not what will



prove; but a rash a-spi-ring Swain, whom re-spect did not re-strain, would at-



rea-dy call it Love.

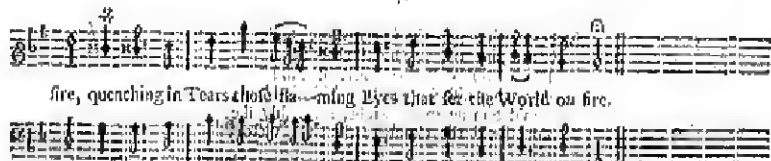
Tho. Tindley.



See what a Con-quest Love has made I beneath the Myrtle's



a-ma-rous Shade the char-ming fair Co-ming-ly, all mel-ting in De-



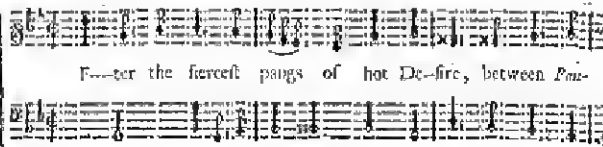
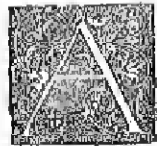
fire, quenching in Tears those flaming Eyes that set the World on fire.

II.

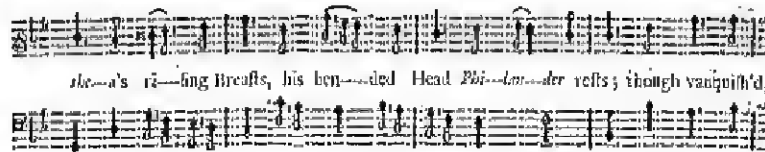
III.

Tho. Tindley.

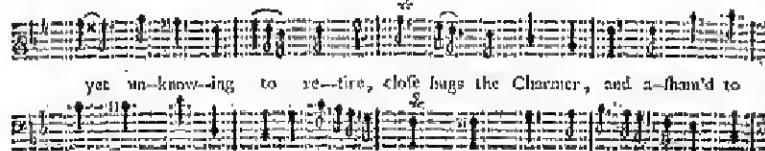
What cannot Tears and Beauty do? When the Heavens serene and clear,
The Youth by chance flood by, and known as gilded with new Light appear,
For whom those Chrysal Streams did flow, and dark-craggy Rocks and every Stone
And though he's before and we're behind, this makes his Rigour keep,
To her Eyes brightest Rayed, when the Clouds fall down,
Weeps to, and does all, and beholds all, and all weeps.



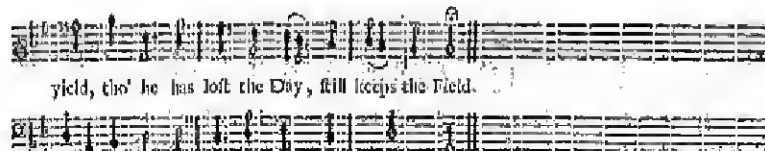
After the fiercest pangs of hot De-fire, between Em-



she's re-ling Breasts, his ben-eded Head *Phi-lan-der* rests; though vanquish'd,



yet un-know-ing to re-tire, close hugs the Charnier, and a-sham'd to



yield, tho' he has lost the Day, still keeps the Field.

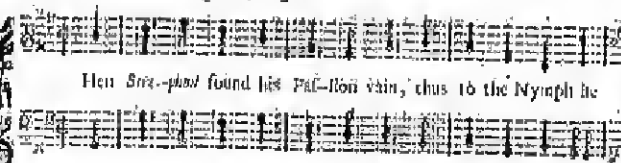
Tho. Tinkoy.

II.

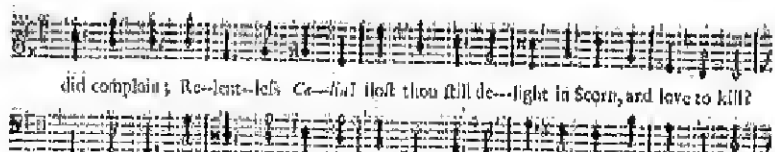
When with a sigh the fair *Ranbeer* said:
What pity 'tis, ye Gods! that all
The bravest Warriors' souls fall!
Then with a kiss he gently rais'd his Head,
As if him again for fight, for nobly he
More lov'd the Combat than the Victory.

III.

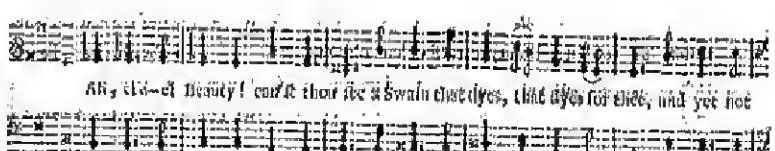
Then more shag'd for being beat before, quest
With all his strength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the War, in our
Not ceases till the noble Prize he bore
Even her such wound from Courage did surprise,
She holds the Dart that wounded her; and Eyes



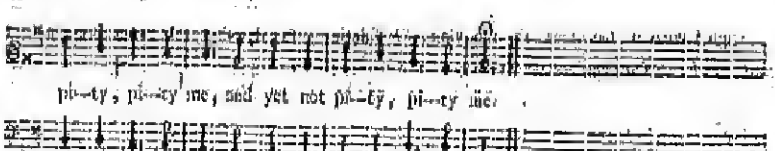
Hen *Sis-phan* found his Pas-sion vain, thus to the Nymph he



did complain; Re-lent-less Ca-sal hast thou still de-sight in Scorn, and love to kill?



Oh, thou of Beauty! can't thou see a Swain that dyes, that dyes for thee, and yet not

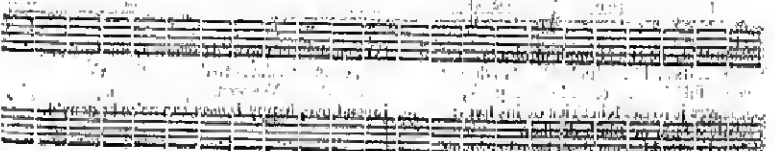


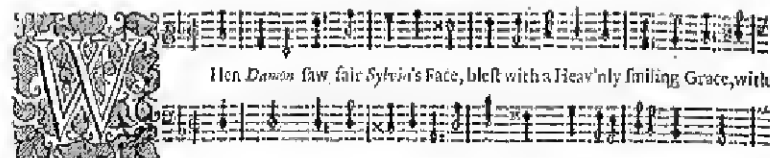
pi-ty, pi-ty me, and yet not pi-ty, pi-ty me.

Henry Purcell

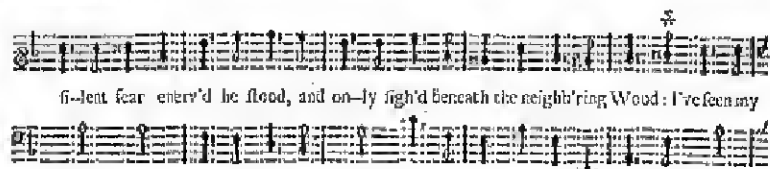
II.

See how the Blood springs from each Vein;
The sad effects of your Disdain;
Can't thou behold this Purple Flood,
And not shed Tears when I shed Blood?
Now, now at last more kind appear,
Grim Death I do not, do not fear!
But oh! your Charms I cannot bear:
But oh! &c.

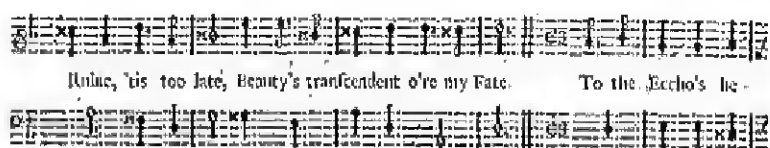




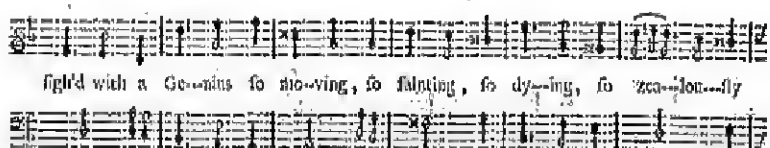
When *Damon* saw fair *Sylvia's* Face, blest with a Heav'nly smiling Grace, with



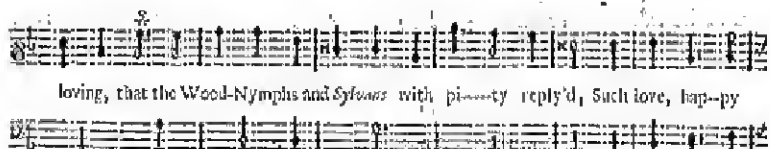
silent fear enerv'd he stood, and on-ly sigh'd beneath the neighb'ring Wood: I've seen my



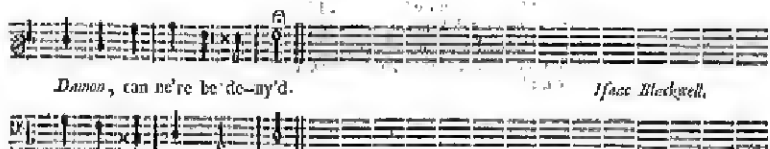
Music, 'tis too late, Beauty's transcendent o're my Fate. To the Echo's he



sigh'd with a Groan, so moving, so fainting, so dying, so re-son-ant



loving, that the Wood-Nymphs and *Sylvans* with pi-ty reply'd, Such love, hap-py

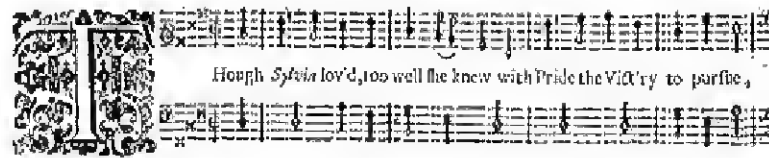


Damon, can ne're be de-my'd.

Isaac Blackwell.

Enamour'd as the Nymph implores,
Which smiles and flows her Pow'r adores;
His fearful Tongue scarce Love implies,
But leaves it to the Rhet'rick of his Eyes:
Yet oft a Sigh or Blush do show
What he would, would not have her know.

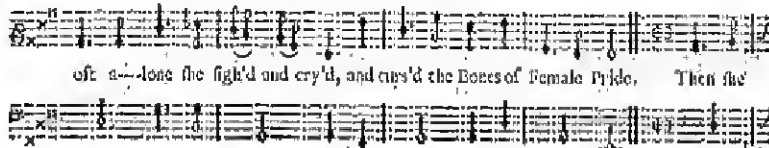
When alone he spair'd to the murmuring Fountains
Repeating his Cares to the high-giving Mountains,
All the Wood-Nymphs and *Sylvans* with pity reply'd,
Such Love, happy *Damon*, can ne're be deny'd.



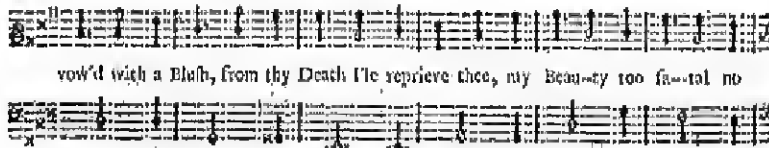
Though *Sylvia* lov'd, too well she knew with Pride the Vic't'ry to pursue,



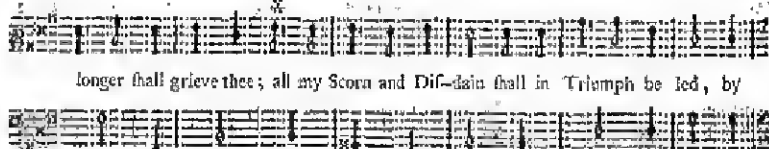
shrouding her Smiles, display'd her Charms, and kept the Slave beneath her conqu'ring Arms; yet



oft a-lone she sigh'd and cry'd, and tups'd the Bones of Female Pride. Then she



vow'd with a Blush, from thy Death I'll reprieve thee, my Beau-ty too fa-tal no



longer shall grieve thee; all my Scorn and Dis-dain shall in Triumph be led, by

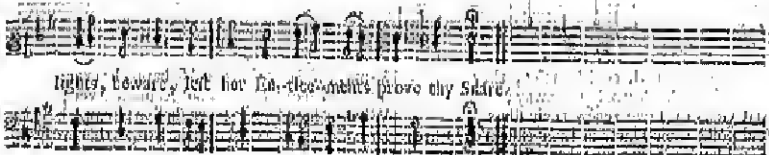
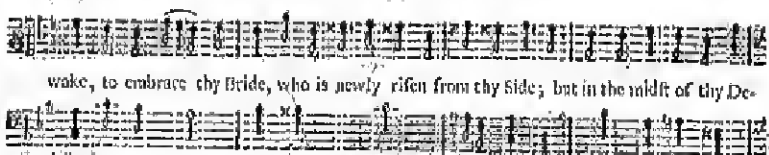
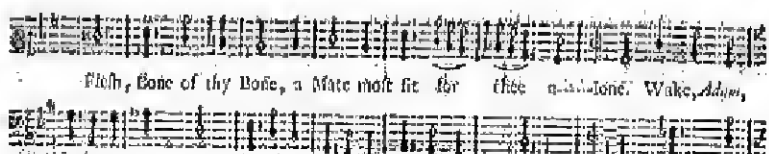
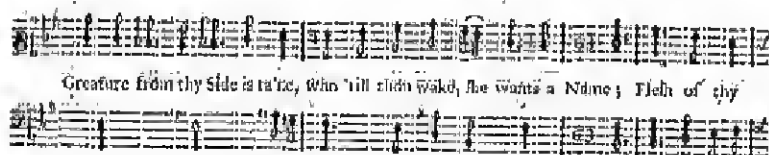
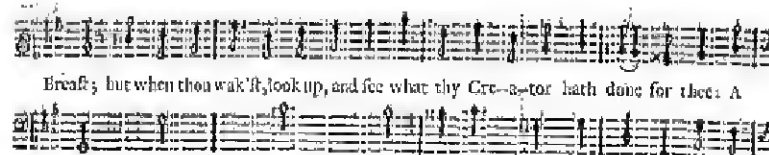
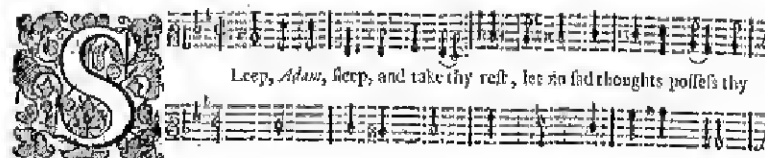


Smiles that succeed o're the frowns that are fled.

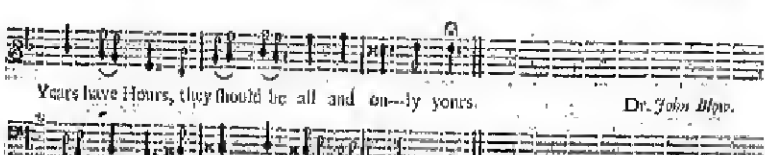
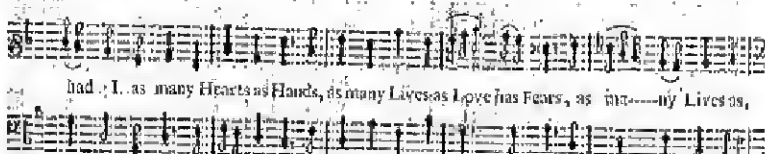
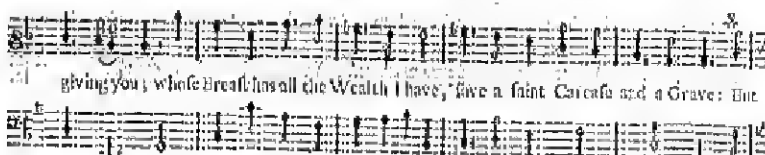
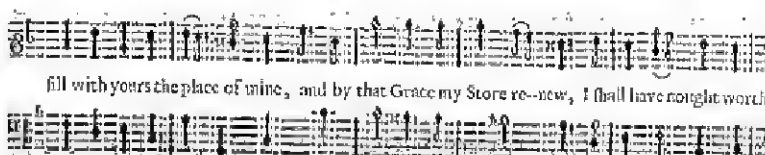
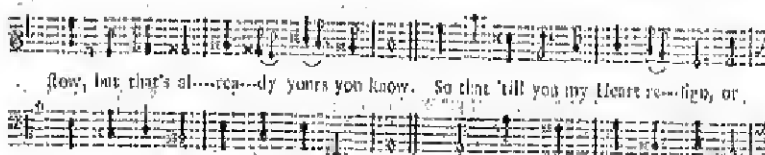
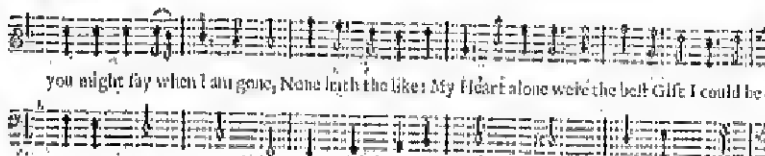
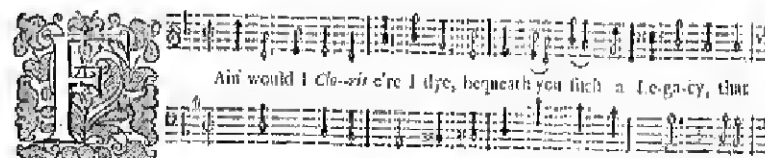
Isaac Blackwell.

Thus blest beneath cool Myrtles, they
Youth's flow'ry Vernal pass away;
And Gods of Love renew their Fires,
And paint their Deities at their enchain'd Desires;
The Flow'rs spring up where *Sylvia* moves,
And birds fly abroad the Groves.

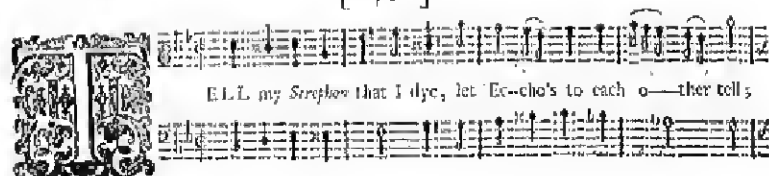
So may *Sylvia* live long, and so happy be ever;
The Sunshine of Love let not jealous Rivers;
When all hate, fear, & scorn, shall in triumph be led,
By Smiles that succeed o're the frowns that are fled.



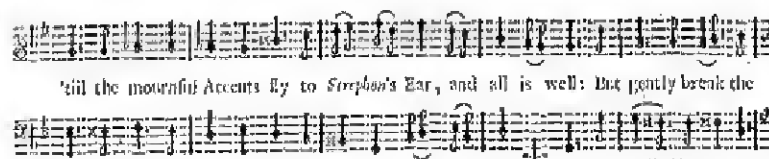
Very slowly & sweetly



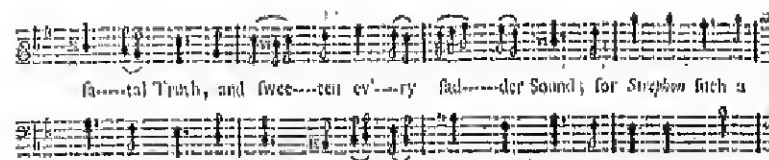
Dr. John Blow.



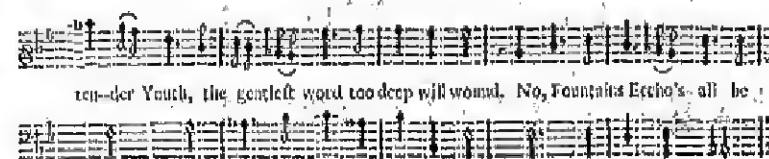
E.L.L. my *Scrophon* that I dye, let Ec-cho's to each o—ther tell;



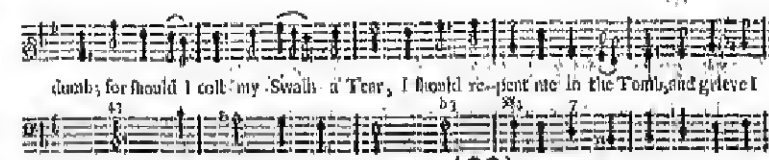
'till the mournful Accents fly to *Scrophon's* Ear, and all is well: But gently break the



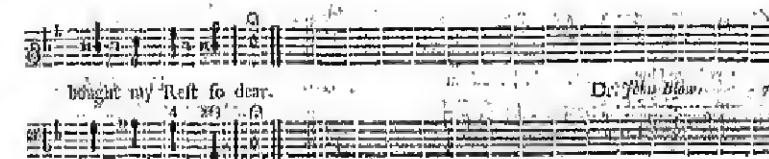
fa—tal Truth, and swe—ten ev—ry Sad—der Sound; for *Scrophon* such a



ten—der Youth, the gentlest word too deep will wound. No, Fountains Echo's— all be



dumb; for should I colt my Swain a Tear, I should re—pent me in the Tomb, and grieve I



bought my Rest so dear.

Dr. John Blow.

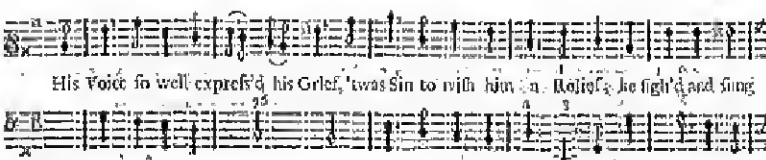
2. 2. 4. 6.



Min—ster on a Ri—ver side, ra—sing a Spring-tide



from his Eyes; his Passion could no lon—ger hide, but un—to Heav'n he cast his cries:



His Voice so well express'd his Grief, 'twas Sin to with him in. Reluct, he sigh'd and sung



in a soft Ayre, *Phil-lis* is cru—el, *Phil-lis* is cru—el, false, and false

Dr. John Blow

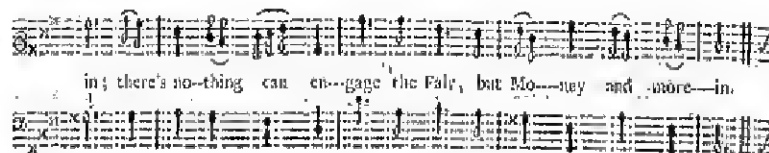
II.
Echo confined to a Grove,
Being unable to return,
These fatal words, in hopeless Love,
I burn, repeated thrice I burn:
Birds in his Grief did bear a part;
Whilst Sighs kept soft Time in his Heart;
He mourning, sung in a soft Ayre,
Phil-lis is cruel, false, and fair.

III.
Whilst in this Agony he lay,
A Tear did steal from either Eye,
Down his pale Cheeks, which did betray,
He wait'd but to dye.
Whilst Death sat heavy on his Eyes,
And he look'd like Love's sacrifice;
He dying, sung in a soft Ayre,
Phil-lis is cruel, false, and fair.

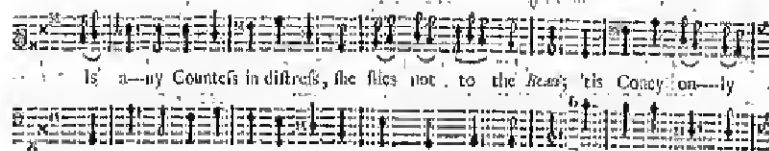
A SONG upon the Court-Game BASSET.



LET Fair-page and Dress despair, since *Dis-fair* is come



in; there's no-thing can en-gage the Fair, but Mo-ney and more-in.



Is a-ny Countess in distress, she flies not to the *Beast*, 'tis Con-ey on-ly

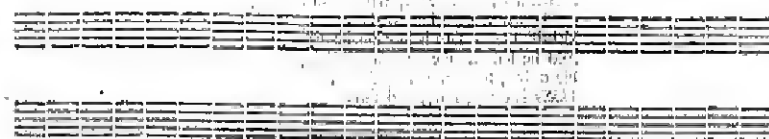


can re-dress her Grief with a *Rou-lean*.

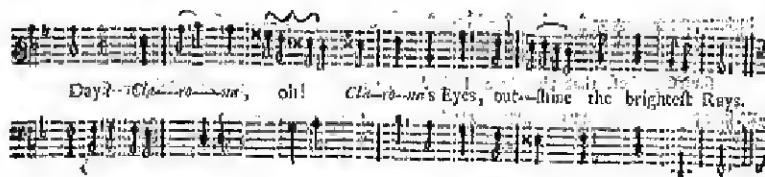
Dr. John Blow.

11.

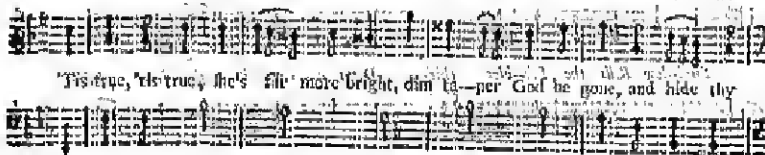
By this bewitching Game betray'd,
Poor Love is bought and sold;
And that which should be a free Trade,
Is all engross'd by Gold:
Ev'n Sense is brought into disgrace,
Where Company is met;
It silent stands, or leaves the place,
While all the Talk's *Basset*.



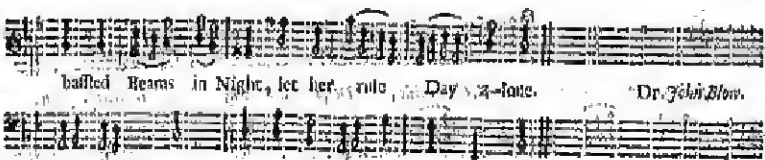
WHY does the Morn' in Blush-es rise, tell me O God of



Day? *Chorus*, oh! *Chorus*'s Eyes, out-shine the brightest Rays.



'Tis true, 'tis true, she's still more bright, than is—per God he gone, and hide thy



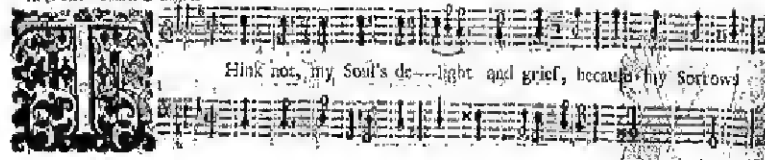
ball'd Beams in Night, let her rule Day &—lane. Dr. John Blow.

11.

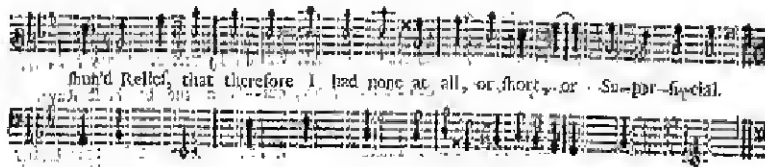
If Anchorite-like, full twenty Years
On Earth's cold Bed I'd lain,
And woo'd the Gods with Fasts and Prayers,
Celestial Crowns to gain;
Yet after all, could you but love,
No more would I pursue
The endless search of joys above,
But find out Heaven in you.



A. G. W. C. Canto & Bass.

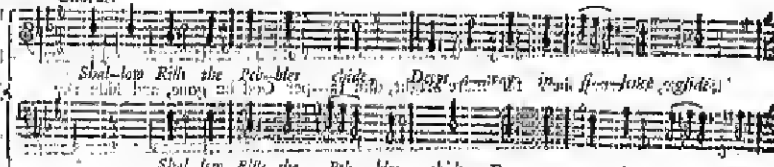


Hark not, my Soul's de-light and grief, because my Sorrows



shun'd Relief, that therefore I had none at all, or short, or Super-spectral.

Chorus.



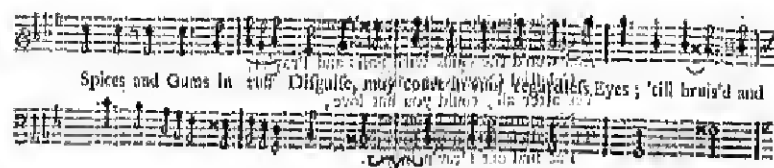
Shal-low Rills the Peb-bles glide, Deep a-way in f--lence glide.

Shal-low Rills the Peb-bles glide, Deep a-way in f--lence glide.

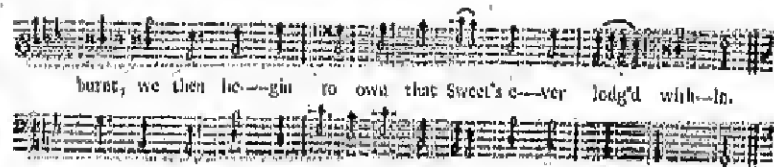


Shal-low Rills the Peb-bles glide, Deep a-way in f--lence glide.

glide, Deep a-way in f--lence glide, Deep a-way in f--lence glide.

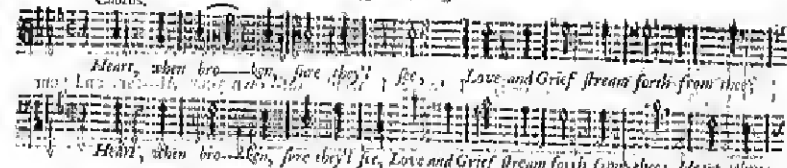


Spices and Gums in suf-f'ful Disgust, my' conde-mn'd Vell'v'it's Eyes; 'till bru'd and



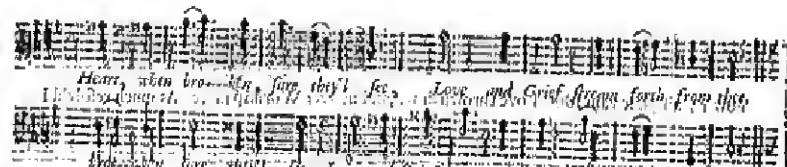
burnt, we then be-gin to own that Sweet's e-ver lodg'd with-in.

Chorus.



Heart, when bro--ken, fare they'll see, Love and Grief stream forth from thee.

Heart, when bro--ken, fare they'll see, Love and Grief stream forth from thee; Heart, when

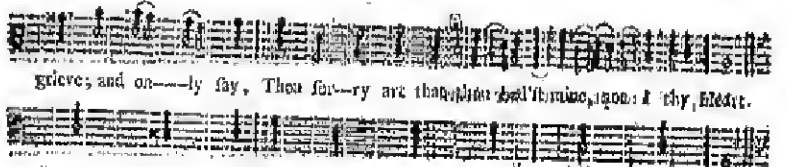


Heart, when bro--ken, fare they'll see, Love and Grief stream forth from thee.

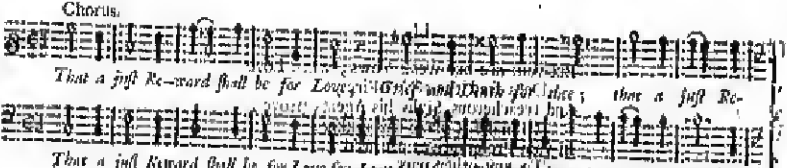
Heart, when bro--ken, fare they'll see, Love and Grief, Love and Grief stream forth from thee.



Yet then far, far a-way, my' conde-mn'd Vell'v'it's Eyes; 'till bru'd and



grieve, and on--ly say, Thou sor--ry art than when I had thine, upon thy Heart.



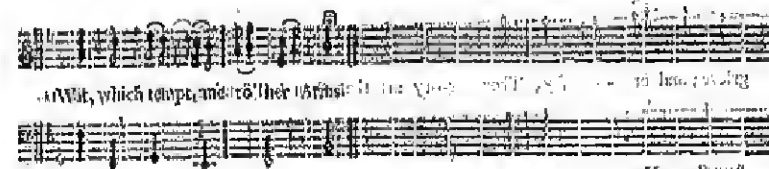
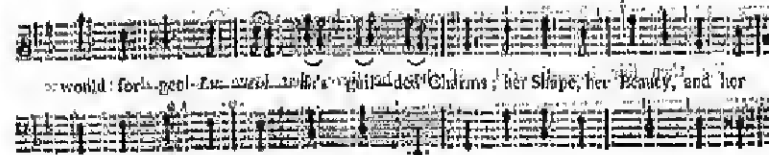
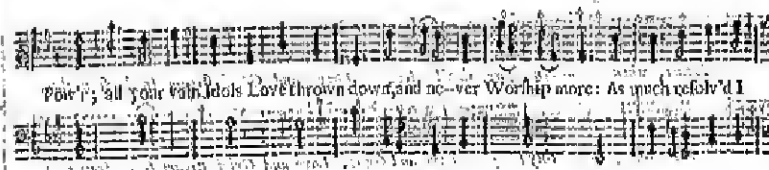
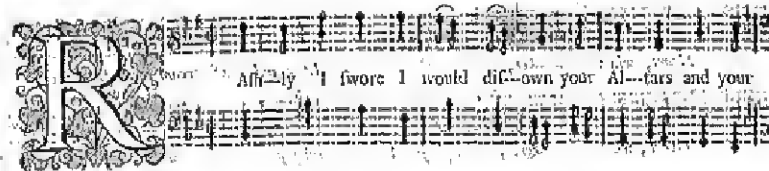
That a just Re-ward shall be for Love, Grief and Death for thee; that a just Re-

That a just Reward shall be for Love, Grief and Death for thee; that a just Reward shall

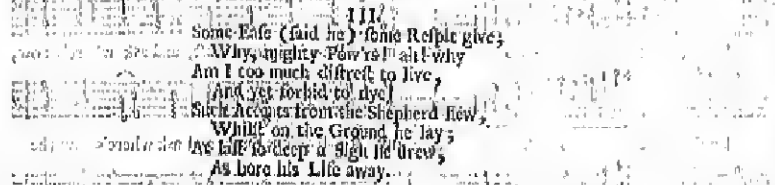
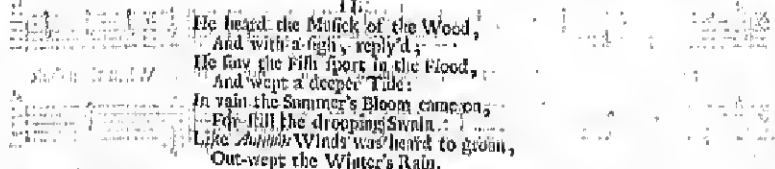
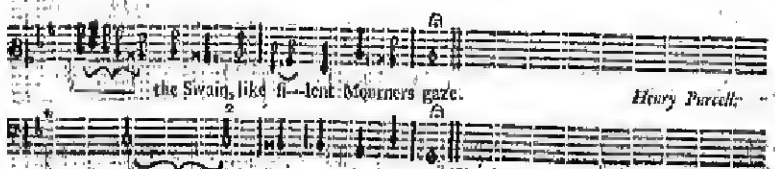
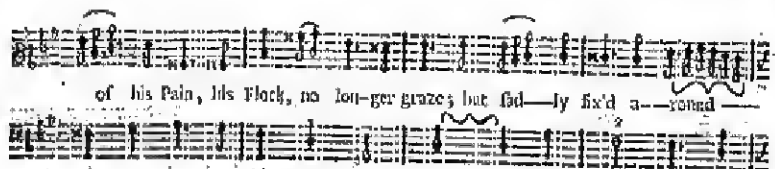
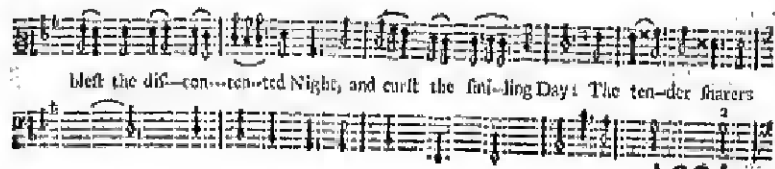
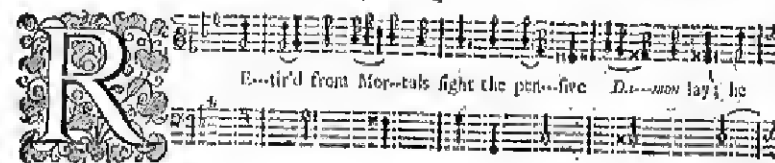
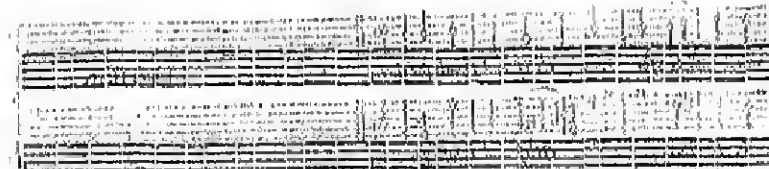
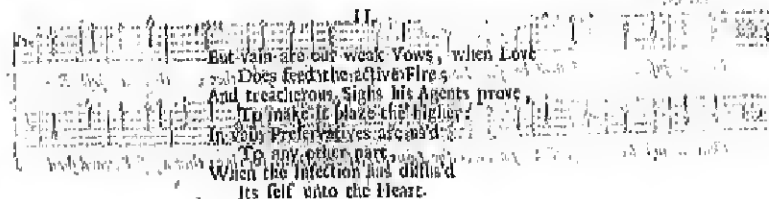


ward shall be for Love, Grief and Death for thee; that a just Reward shall

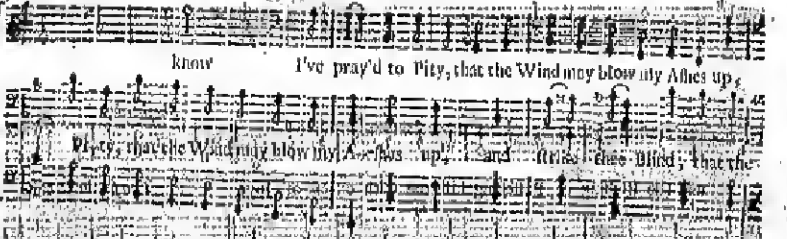
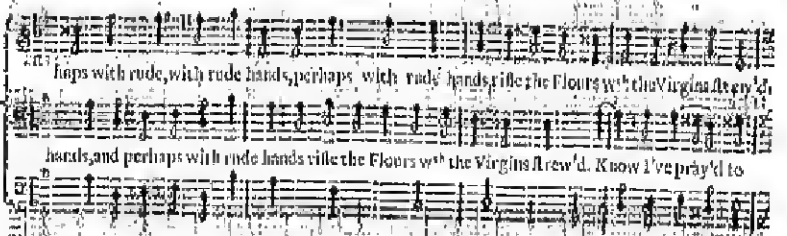
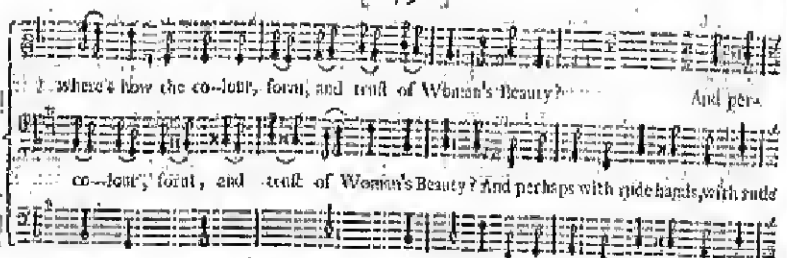
ward shall be for Love, Grief and Death for thee; that a just Reward shall



Henry Purcell.

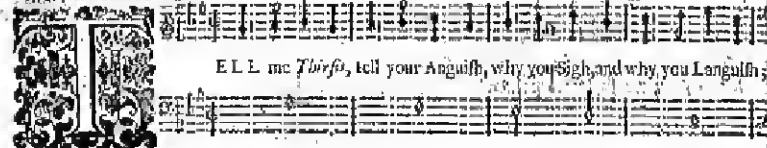


A. & W. C. & R. & S.

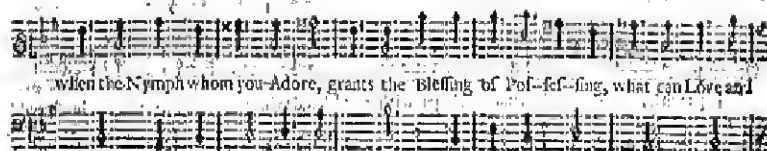


A DIALOGUE between a Shepherd and Shepherdess, sung in the Play of the Duke of Guise.

Two Parts. Cantos & Basses.



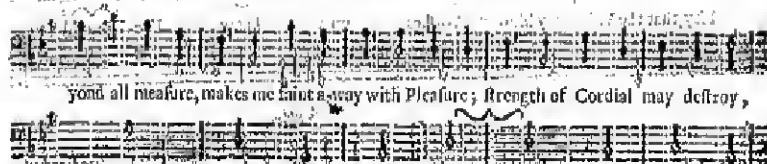
ELL me *Thirso*, tell your Anguish, why you sigh, and why you Languish;



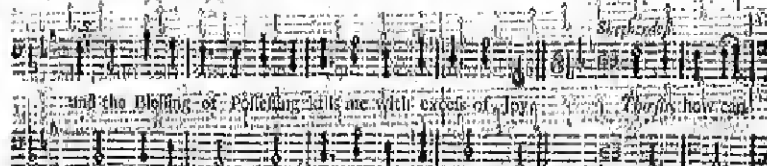
when the Nymph whom you Adore, grants the Blessing of Pos-sess-ing, what can Love and



I do more? what can Love, what can Love and I do more? Think it's Love be-



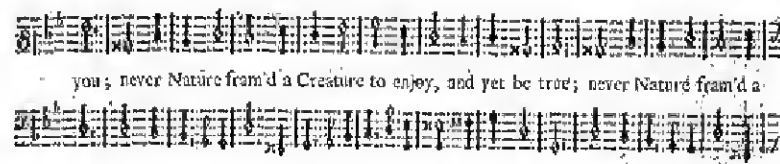
yond all measure, makes me Lunt a way with Pleasure; Strength of Cordial may destroy,



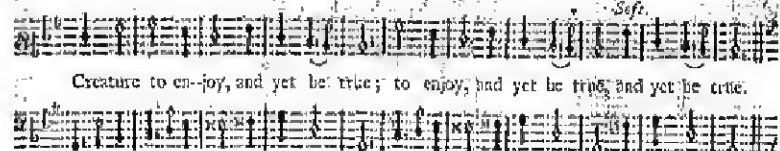
and the Blessing of Possessing, tells me with excess of Joy, *Thirso*, how can



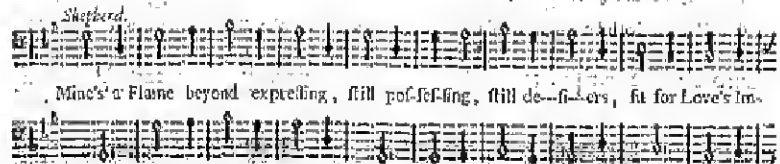
I be-lieve you? but confess, and Blessing be you, Most are false, when you



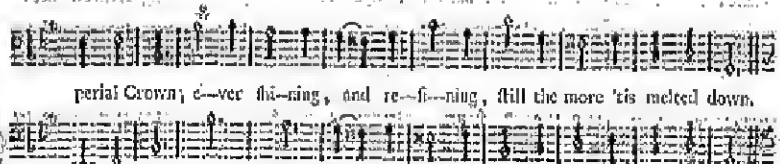
you; never Nature fram'd a Creature to enjoy, and yet be true; never Nature fram'd a



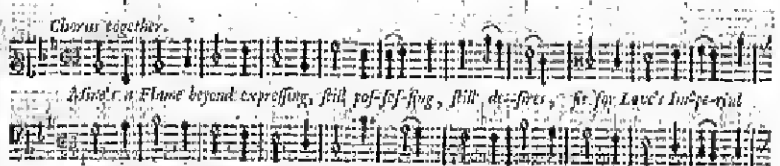
Creature to en-joy, and yet be true; to enjoy, had yet be true, and yet be true.



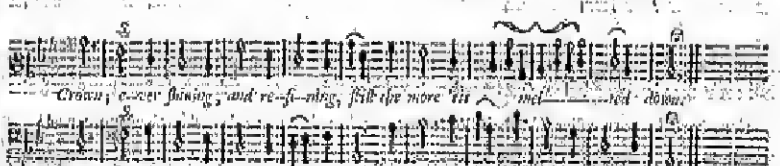
Mine's a Flame beyond expressing, still pos-sess-ing, still de-sires, fit for Love's im-



perial Crown; e-ver shi-ning, and re-si-ning, still the more 'tis melted down.



Mine's a Flame beyond expressing, still pos-sess-ing, still de-sires, fit for Love's im-pe-rial

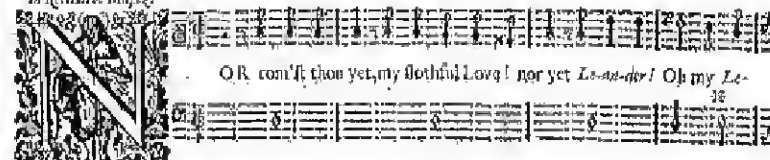


Crown; e-ver shi-ning, and re-si-ning, still the more 'tis mel-ted down.

Crown; e-ver shi-ning, and re-si-ning, still the more 'tis, still the more 'tis melted down.

Hero's Complaint to Leander. [82]

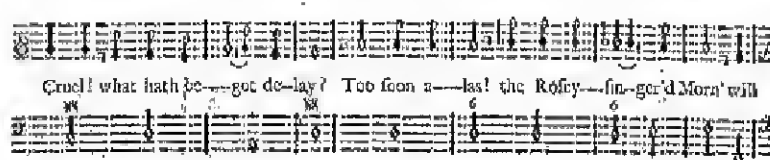
In Recitative Style.



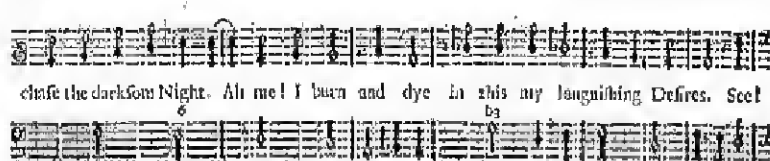
OR, canst thou yet, my Soothful Love! nor yet *Le-an-der*! Oh my *Le-*



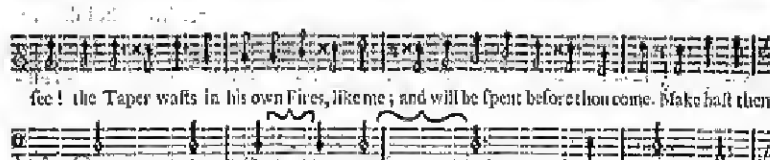
an-der! canst thou for-get thy *He-ro*? *Le-an-der*, why dost thou stay, who holds thee?



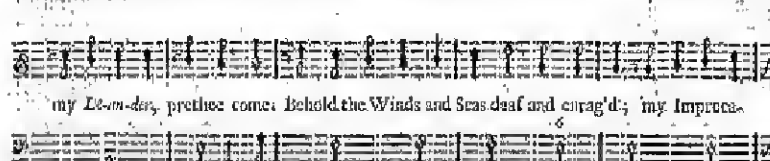
Cruel! what hath be-got de-lay? Too soon a—las! the Rosy—fin-ger'd Morn' will



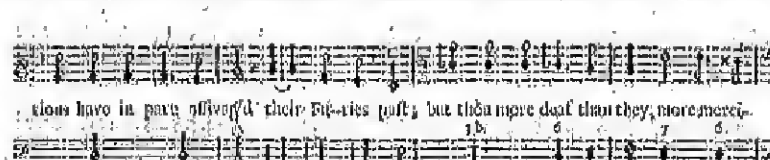
chase the darksom Night. Ah me! I burn and dye In this my languishing Desires. See!



see! the Taper wasts in his own Fires, like me; and will be spent before thou come. Make halt then



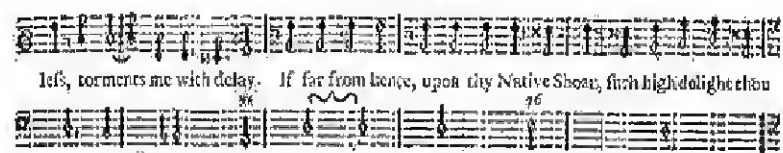
my *Le-an-der*, prethee come! Behold the Winds and Seas deaf and enrag'd; my Imprea-



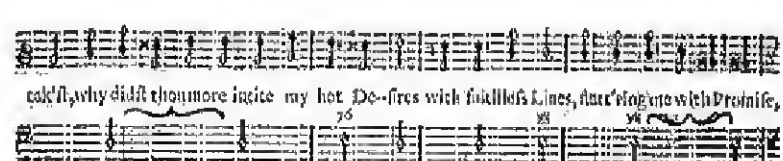
tion have in vain miss'd their fit-ties gust; but then more deaf than they, more more,

[83]

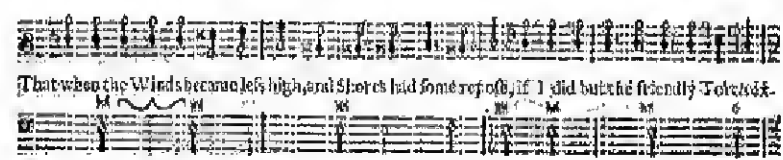
317



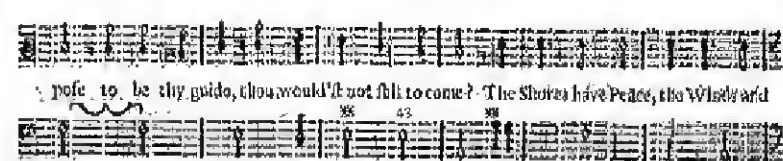
less, torments me with delay. If far from hence, upon thy Native Shore, such high delight thou



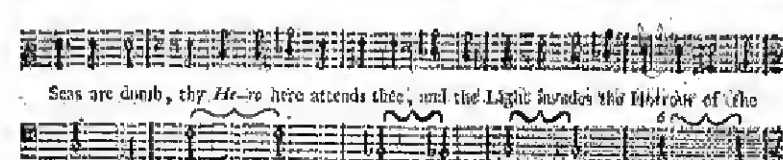
tak'st, why dost thou more incite my hot De-sires with faithless Lines, that ring no wish Promise,



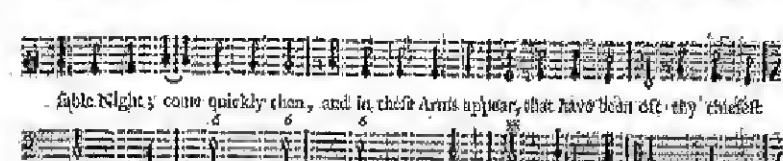
That when the Winds became less high, and Shores had some repose, if I did but the friendly Tides seek.



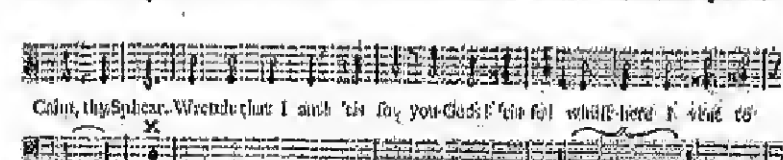
pose to be thy guide, thou wouldst not fail to come? The Shores have Peace, the Winds and



Seas are dumb, thy *He-ro* here attends thee, and the Light invades the Hollow of the



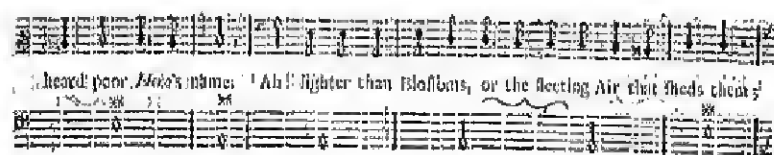
able Night; come quickly then, and in these Arms appear, that have been oft thy chosen



Crib, thy Sphære. Wreath that I am 'tis for you-Gods! 'tis for! while here I stand



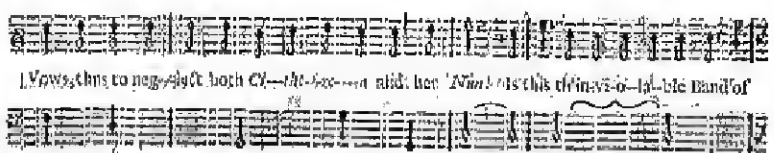
Hear'nd Seasing' woe, he at *A-b-y-dos* in a new-or Flame, forgets that e're he



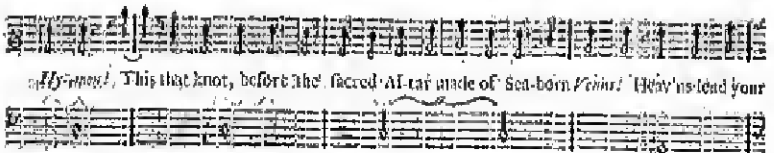
heard poor *Holo's* name: 'Ah! lighter than Blossoms, or the fleeting Air that sheds them!



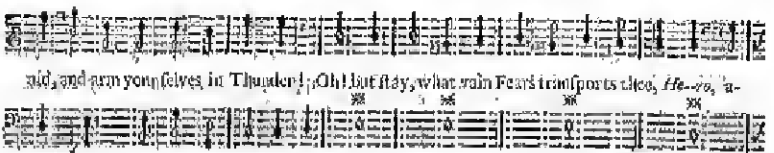
How! O how can't thou repair thy broken Faith! Is this the dear respect thou bear' to Oath and



Vows, this to neg-lect both *Cy-tha-ra* and her *Nim!* Is this the trust or la-ble Band of



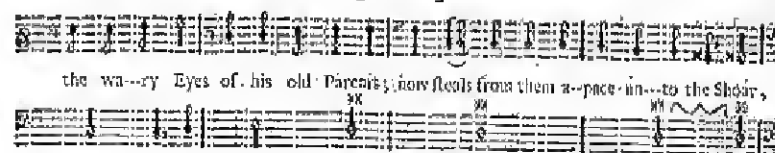
Hy-men! This that knot, before the sacred Altar made of Sea-born *Veins!* 'Hav'ns lead your



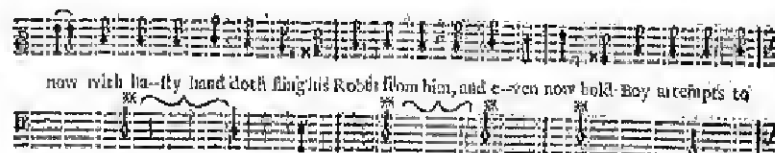
aid, and arm yourselves in Thunder! Oh! but stay, what vain Fears transports thee, *He-ro,* a-



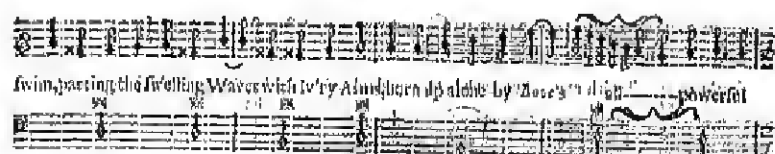
why with jealous *Py-ry?* *Za-mo-by's* shine, thou his, and the poor youth that home Japan'ling is?



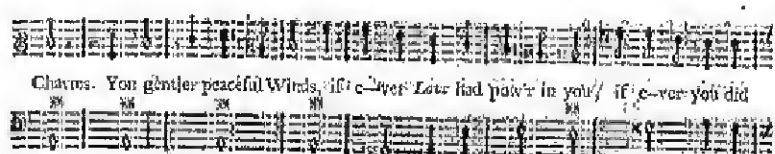
the wa-ry Eyes of his old Parents; how steals from them a pace un-to the Shore,



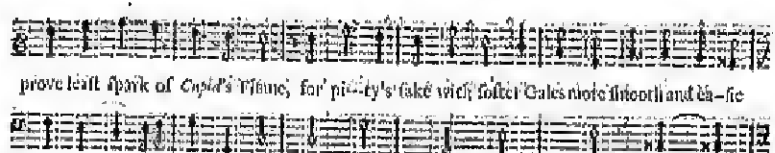
now with ha-ry hand doth fling his Robe from him, and e-ven now bold Boy attempts to



swim, parting the swelling Waves with iv'ry Arm, when up aloft by *Zoro's* "dial" powerful



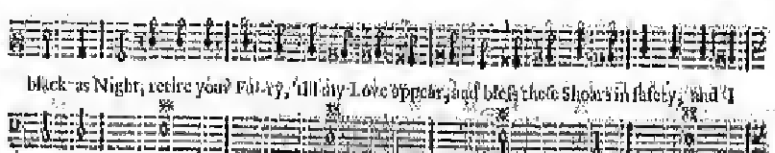
Chavrus. You gentler peaceful Winds, if e-*ver* *Lore* had pow'r in you! if e-*ver* you did



prove least spark of *Cupid's* Flame, for pi-ty's sake with softer Gales more smooth and ea-sie



make the troubled Flood un-to my Soul's Delight: You show't, yon Straws and Tempests



black-as Night, retire you! For ay, 'till day Love appear, and bless thee Shores in safety, and I

